JULY 21, 1979 ONE DOLLAR

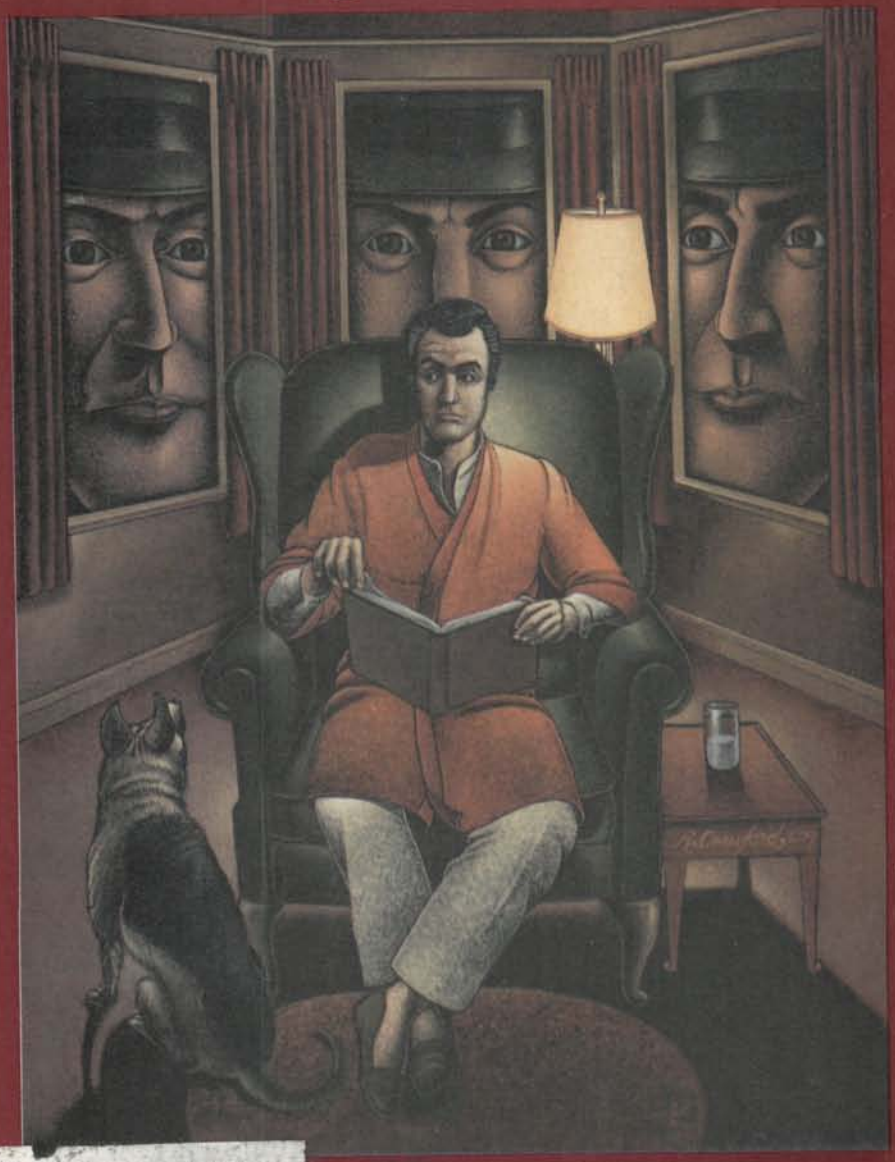
CC 02830

Saturday Review

Hot Weather Handbook

THE PRIVACY SNATCHERS

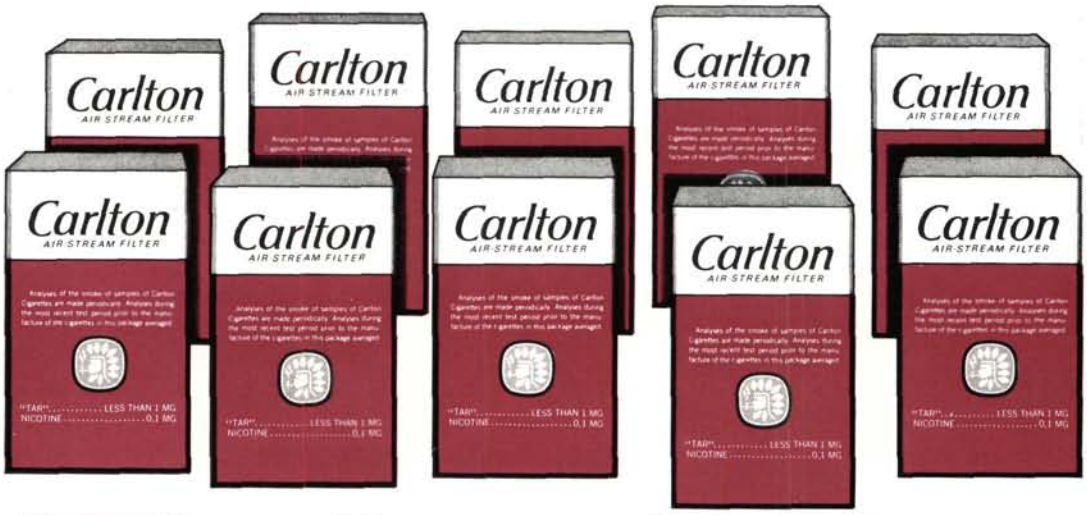
Are Information Gatherers Violating Your Rights?



SLBRO 13006 GR69.7 24B47 AUG81
PERIODICALS DEPT LIBI SAT
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE
300 W GREEN ST
PASADENA CA 91105

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

U.S. Government Report:



Box or menthol:

Ten packs of Carlton

have less tar than one pack of...

	Tar mg./cig.	Nicotine mg./cig.
Kent	12	0.9
Kool Milds	14	0.9
Marlboro Lights	12	0.8
Merit	8	0.6
Merit Menthol	8	0.6

	Tar mg./cig.	Nicotine mg./cig.
Parliament Lights	9	0.6
Salem Lights	10	0.8
Vantage	11	0.8
Vantage Menthol	11	0.8
Winston Lights	13	0.9

Carlton is lowest.

Less than 1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nic.

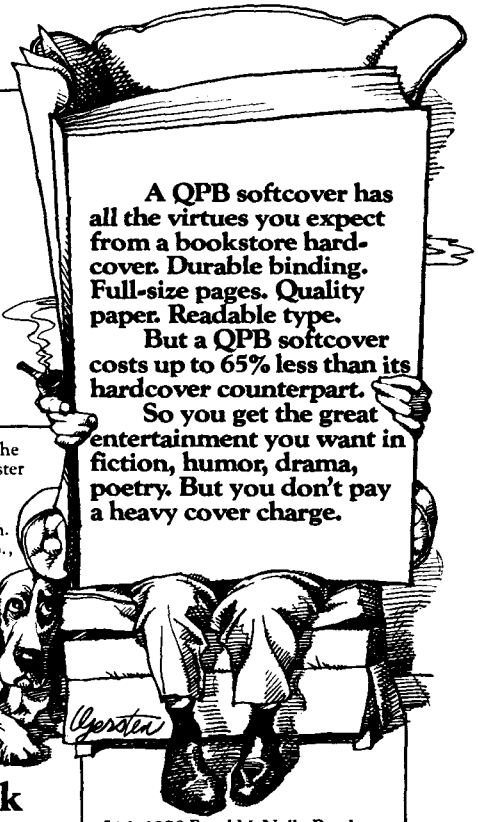
Of all brands, lowest...Carlton Box: less than 0.5 mg. tar and 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.05 mg. nicotine; Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GREAT ENTERTAINMENT, NO HEAVY COVER CHARGE.



A QPB softcover has all the virtues you expect from a bookstore hardcover. Durable binding. Full-size pages. Quality paper. Readable type.

But a QPB softcover costs up to 65% less than its hardcover counterpart.

So you get the great entertainment you want in fiction, humor, drama, poetry. But you don't pay a heavy cover charge.

546. Cooking In A Small Kitchen Arthur Schwartz. Illustrated by Gary Rogers. Hardcover: $8.95 **QPB Ed: $4.95**

151. The Lord Of The Rings J.R.R. Tolkien. (3 Vols., Boxed) Hardcover: $32.95 **QPB: $9.95**

531 151

531. Out Of My Later Years and The World As I See It. Albert Einstein. (2 Vols.) **QPB: $6.95**

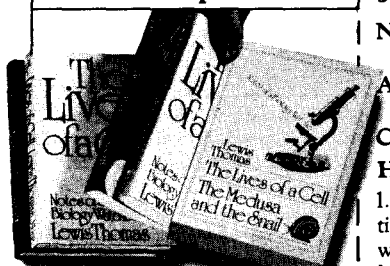
517. God And The Astronomers and Until The Sun Dies. (2 Vols.) Robert Jastrow. Hardcover: $16.90 **QPB Ed: $7.95**

525. A History Of Israel: From the Rise of Zionism to Our Time. (Maps) Howard M. Sachar. Hardcover: $20 **QPB: $8.95**

526. Gnomes. Text by Wil Huygen Illustrated by Rien Poortvliet Hardcover: $17.50 **QPB: $8.50**

527. The Flounder. Günter Grass Translated by Ralph Manheim Hardcover: $12 **QPB Ed: $5.95**

Compare



2 Hardcovers: $17.90 **QPB Boxed Set: $7.95**

530. The Lives Of A Cell and The Medusa And The Snail. Lewis Thomas. (2 Vols., Boxed) Hardcover: $17.90 **QPB Ed: $7.95**

533. Play It As It Lays and Slouching Towards Bethlehem. Joan Didion. (2 Vols.) Hardcover: $13.90 **QPB: $5.95**

542. Essential New York: A Guide to the History and Architecture of Manhattan's Important Buildings, Parks, and Bridges. John Tauranac Hardcover: $14.95 **QPB: $6.95**

152. Ainslie's Complete Hoyle Tom Ainslie. Hardcover: $12.50 **QPB: $5.95**

167. Anna Karenina. Leo Tolstoy Translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett. Hardcover: $14.95 **QPB Ed: $6.95**

520. In The Deserts Of This Earth Uwe George. Translated by Richard and Clara Winston. (Photos) Hardcover: $14.95 **QPB: $6.95**

198. The Best Of Life. (Photos) Hardcover: $19.95 **QPB: $6.35**

204. The New York Times Book Of House Plants. Joan Lee Faust (Illus.) Hardcover: $9.95 **QPB: $6.95**

305. Mysteries Of The Past. Lionel Casson, Robert Claiborne, Brian Fagan and Walter Karp. Editor: Joseph J. Thorndike, Jr. Hardcover: $34.95 **QPB Ed: $9.95**

537. Melbourne. Lord David Cecil Hardcover: $8.95 **QPB: $5.75**

108. Anatomy Illustrated. Emily Blair Chewning. Designed by Dana Levy. **QPB: $5.95**

165. Flights Of Discovery: The Earth from Above. Georg Gerster **QPB: $9.25**

491. The Golden Bough A Study in Magic and Religion. Sir James George Frazer, F.R.S., F.B.A. 1 Volume, Abridged Edition. Hardcover: $12.95 **QPB: $6.95**

347. What Color Is Your Parachute? A Practical Manual for Job-Hunters & Career Changers. (1978 Revised Edition) Richard Nelson Bolles **QPB: $4.95**

Join now. Pick any 3 books or sets for $1 each—with no obligation to buy another book.

516. 1979 Rand McNally Road Atlas. QPB: $3.95

381. The Photography Catalog Edited by Norman Snyder with Carole Kismaric and Don Myrus (Illus.) **QPB: $7.50**

545. Inventing America: Jefferson's Declaration of Independence. Garry Wills. Hardcover: $10 **QPB: $4.95**

507. The Natural Way To Draw: A Working Plan for Art Study. Kimon Nicolaïdes. Hardcover: $8.95 **QPB: $4.50**

514. The Stories Of John Cheever John Cheever. Hardcover: $15 **QPB Ed: $7.95**

540 514

540. Tutankhamun: The Untold Story. Thomas Hoving. Hardcover: $12.95 **QPB Ed: $6.95**

334. Tassajara Cooking: A Vegetarian Cooking Book and **The Tassajara Bread Book.** Edward Espe Brown. (2 Vols.) Illus. **QPB: $7.90**

539. Margaret Fuller: From Transcendentalism to Revolution. Paula Blanchard. Hardcover: $11.95 **QPB: $4.95**

Let's try each other for 6 months.

Quality Paperback Book Club, Inc., Middletown, Pa. 17057.

Please enroll me in QPB and send the 3 choices I've listed below. Bill me $3, plus shipping and handling charges. I understand that I am not required to buy another book. You will send me *QPB Review* (if my account is in good standing) for 6 months. If I have not bought and paid for at least 1 book in every six-month period, you may cancel my membership. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

QB225-7-1

Indicate by number the 3 books or sets you want ☐ ☐ ☐

Name_____ 9-16

(Please print clearly)

Address_____ Apt._____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

How membership works

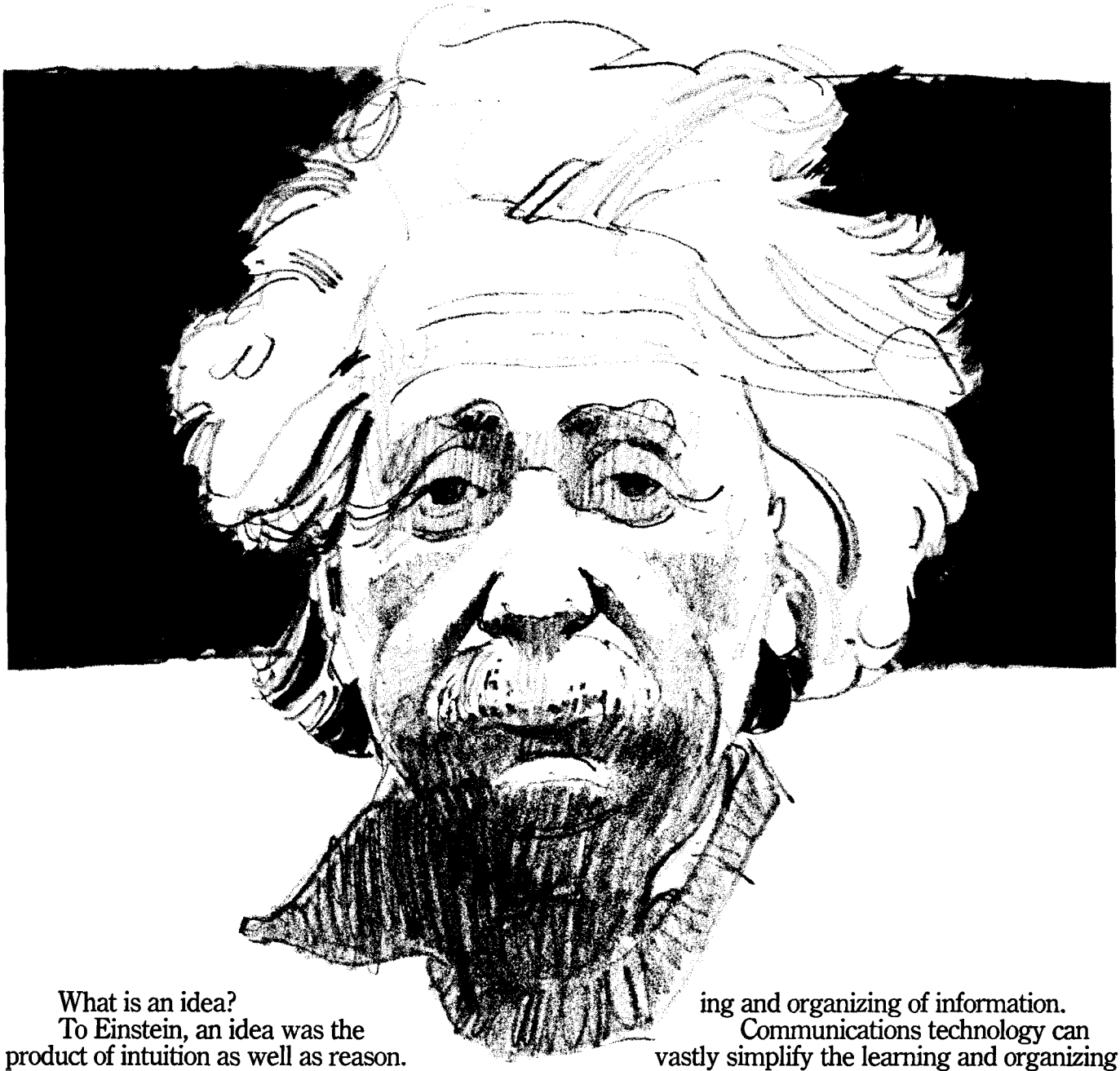
1. You receive **QPB Review** 15 times each year (about every 3½ weeks). Each issue reviews a *new* Main Selection, plus scores of Alternates. All Main Selections with established publisher's list prices are offered at at least 20% discount off that list price.
2. If you want the **Main Selection** do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more Alternate books—or no book at all—indicate your decision on the reply form always enclosed and return it by the date specified.
3. **Bonus books for Bonus Points.** For each book or set you take (except the first 3 you get for $1 each), you earn Bonus Points which entitle you to choose any of the books we offer; you pay only shipping and handling charges.
4. **Return privilege.** If *QPB Review* is delayed and you receive the Main Selection without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit at our expense.
5. **Cancellations.** You may cancel membership at any time by notifying QPB. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy and pay for at least one book in every six-month period.

QPB

The first book club for smart people who aren't rich.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By his own admission, he had two ideas in his whole life.



What is an idea?

To Einstein, an idea was the product of intuition as well as reason. It was something no one had ever thought before.

He felt he had but two real ideas in his entire life.

In his view, most of his time was spent acquiring and organizing the incredible amount of knowledge he needed to form the base from which he could make the two great intuitive leaps he called his ideas.

At United Telecom, our business is the technology of communication—the moving, storing and organizing of information.

Communications technology can vastly simplify the learning and organizing processes that are so vital to scientific inquiry.

It frees people to do more of what they, and only they, can do. Think.

United Telecom

United Telecommunications, Inc.

Box 11315-S, Kansas City, Missouri 64112

More than a telephone company.

This message was originally published in 1974. We think it is especially appropriate today as the nation observes the 100th anniversary of the birth of this great American.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

CONTENTS JULY 21 1979

Editor
Carll Tucker
Publisher
James E. Broadwater
Chairman, Editorial Board
Norman Cousins

Editorial Director
Horace Sutton
Managing Editor
Susan Heath
Senior Editors
Irving Kolodin, Karl E. Meyer, Albert Rosenfeld, Susan Schiefelbein, James Traub, Roger M. Williams
Copy Editor
Dorothy B. Humanitzki
Associate Editor
Susan von Hoffmann
Assistant Editors
Doris M. Egan
Susan Ochshorn
Cartoon Editor
Clarence Brown
Contributing Editors
Sam Aaron, Goodman Ace, Anthony Burgess, Owen Edwards, Clifton Fadiman, Roland Gelatt, Martin Gottfried, Jonathan Evan Maslow, Thomas H. Middleton, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Walter Terry

Art Director
Bryan Canniff
Associate Art Director
Geoffrey Stevens
Art Assistant
Katryn Conlin

Circulation Director
George Reeves
Production Director
Louis J. Seeger
Research/Promotion Director
Lou Gardner

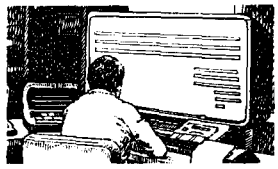
Controller
Alan M. Ross
Senior Accountant
Michael Danura
Accountant
Dave Freed
Office Manager
Betsy Vandeventer
Administrative Assistants
Christine Schlagheck, Dorothy Murray, Mary Swift

Advertising Sales Manager
Jay Stelzer
Corporate
Susan Shoshana Aron
Publishing/Hi-Fidelity
Helen Cornell
Liquor/Tobacco
Doug Roeder
Travel
Joanne Gumot
Classified
Nancy Milligan
Manager of Advertising Services
Helen Winiski
Advertising Representatives
Western Region,
Zander & Bigler;
Los Angeles (213) 938-0111,
San Francisco (415) 398-4444;
Midwestern Region, Joseph Wall & Associates,
Park Ridge, Ill. (312) 693-8448
Canada
The Pattis Group
Montreal, Quebec
(514) 842-5223

Saturday Review Magazine Corp.
Chairman, *Carll Tucker*
President, *James E. Broadwater*
Vice President, *Diane Straus Tucker*
Treasurer, *Alan M. Ross*

4 **Letters**
6 **Front Runners**
8 **Editorial** by N.C. *Dartmouth XII*
10 **Light Refractions** by Thomas H. Middleton *Fulsome's folly*
12 **Notes From the Blue Coast** by Anthony Burgess *Let them eat red*
14 **Guestview** by Jonathan Kozol *Reinventing childhood*
56 **The Back Door** by Carll Tucker *Why not the best?*

ISSUES

16  **The Privacy-Snatchers: Are Information Gatherers Violating Your Rights?** by James Traub *The greatest threat to privacy may come not from the FBI and other snoops, but from the personal information industry, which collects news about you, good and bad, for a living*

22 **Privacy and the Press: Is Nothing Sacred?** by Nat Hentoff *When accused of violating privacy, journalists wrap themselves in the First Amendment. But their wanton intrusions into the lives of private citizens are often difficult to justify*

24 **Book Burning in the Heartland** by Stephen Arons *In Warsaw, Indiana, a town of 36 churches and one bookstore, the public schools have become a battleground in a struggle over social, political, and family values*

PLEASURES

30 **The Hot-Weather Handbook** A Special Section *Where to go, what to do, what to drink, and what to eat to beat the heat, including fishing, fanning, lying in a hammock with a book, and collapsing on the grass to listen to cool notes. With advisories by Clifton Fadiman and Sam Aaron, Irving Kolodin, Walter Terry, Martin Gottfried, Ted Morgan, Jonathan Evan Maslow, Susan Ochshorn, and Horace Sutton*

42 **Radio** by Karl E. Meyer *Now hear this (about NPR)*

43 **Theater** by Martin Gottfried *High-class flop*

44 **Music to My Ears** by Irving Kolodin *Solti and his supersonic orchestra*

45 **Books:** Ellen Moers on the able Edel's Bloomsbury; John Romano on a half-life of *Dickens*

50 **Books in Brief**

51 **Oh, Cuisine!** by Geoffrey Bocca *Les joques of France, at loose in America, find a home in New York's Café des Sports*

Puzzles Double-Crostic No. 176 (page 55); Wit Twister No. 147 (page 5); Literary Crypt No. 135 (page 5)
Cover by Robert Crawford
Cartoonists: Clarence Brown, Don Dougherty, Edward Frascino, Cary Grossman, Robert Mankoff, Charles Parker, John Ruge

SATURDAY REVIEW (ISSN 0361-1655) published biweekly (except monthly during August and December) by SATURDAY REVIEW MAGAZINE CORP., 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019, (212) 246-9700. Subscription price in the U.S. and its possessions: one year—$16; two years—$30; three years—$42 (all other countries—additional postage $3 per year). Vol. 6, No. 15, July 21, 1979. Back issues $1.50 each. Entered as second-class mail in New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Canadian postage paid at Montreal, P.Q., Canada.

© 1979 by SATURDAY REVIEW MAGAZINE CORP. *All rights reserved under the Berne and Pan-American copyright conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article (in English or other languages) without permission is prohibited.* Printed in the United States of America. Available also in 35mm microfilm and microfiche. SATURDAY REVIEW MAGAZINE CORP. assumes no responsibility for any noncommissioned manuscripts, photographs, drawings, or other material. No such material will be returned unless submitted with a self-addressed envelope and sufficient postage.

Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Dept., SATURDAY REVIEW, P.O. Box 10010, Des Moines, Iowa 50340, or call toll-free (800) 247-5470.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Rights of the Fetus

I appreciated Roger Williams's article, "The Power of Fetal Politics" [June 9]. As someone who has spent the past four years working in the pro-choice movement, I felt that his analysis was essentially on target.

But how could such an astute reporter fail to mention the Religious Coalition for Abortion Rights? This national group represents 27 Protestant, Jewish, and other religious bodies—including Catholics for a Free Choice. The Religious Coalition is avowedly on the side of the right to choose, and it celebrates freedom, not abortion. We oppose the efforts of those who would have us return to the dark days of illegality and medically unsafe abortions and those who would violate the rights of women to make their own personal decisions in light of their consciences and circumstances.

Rev. Raymond J. Pontier
Religious Coalition for Abortion Rights
Passaic, New Jersey

Strangely missing from Roger Williams's report on "fetal politics" is any recognition that the right-to-life movement—in spite of its occasional lack of sophistication—represents an important element in the worldwide struggle to protect fundamental human rights.

In 1948 the Universal Declaration of Human Rights stated that everyone "has the right to life," while in 1959 the UN Declaration of the Rights of the Child—celebrated during this International Year of the Child—insisted that "the child, by reason of his physical and mental immaturity, needs special safeguards and care, including appropriate legal protection, before as well as after birth."

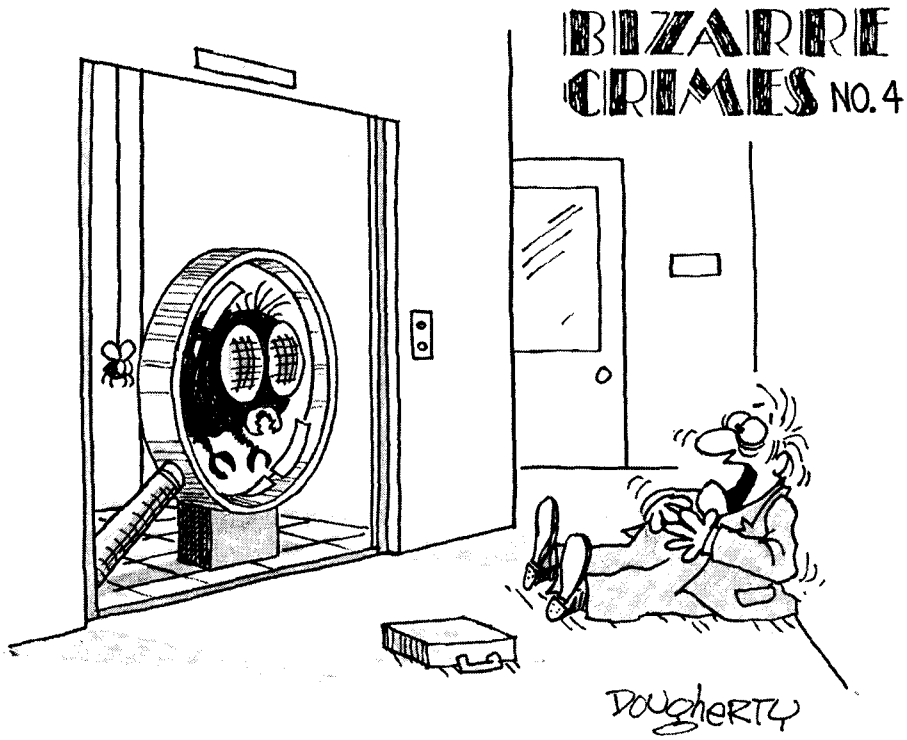
Until these international agreements guaranteeing respect for all members of our human species are honored here and abroad, the struggle over fetal politics will continue.

Patricia J. Nixon
Birmingham, Michigan

It was with grave concern that I read Roger Williams's article on the anti-abortion movement. I would like to dissociate myself from those advocates of right-to-life who use smear tactics, one-issue politics, and other illegal, immoral, or unjust means to promote their cause. The end, however desirable, does not justify such means.

Mr. Williams seems to suggest that there is something despicable and un-American about a group of people who uses political power to establish a position or influence legislation in which it believes. The tactics of those who use deplorable means to attain their ends ought not to vitiate the cause of the many who work honorably within the system. If one sincerely believes that the fetus is a human person, as I and many others do, one *must* exert whatever legitimate influence one can to defend that person's right to life, even in a pluralistic society where many disagree.

Sister Therese A. Roche
College of Saint Elizabeth
Convent Station, New Jersey



Japan: Is the Miracle a Myth?

I think that Ezra Vogel ["The Miracle of Japan: How the Post-War Was Won," May 26] has done a great disservice to the Japanese people in his summation of Japan's postwar boom and has blatantly neglected some of the more unsavory aspects of the Japanese economic "miracle." For instance, where does he mention that many of Japan's leading writers find life in the new Japan to be so enticing that suicide is their sole means of expression? Where does he indicate that in some areas around Osaka the air is so polluted with petro-chemical haze that the sun, literally, never shines? Where does he say that if one wants to go for a Sunday drive in Japan one can expect traffic jams of mammoth proportions?

Japanese are not "taught the values of group life"; these values are shoved down their throats. Employees do not work on holidays and weekends because they "enjoy the camaraderie." They do this because any attempt not to is seen as disloyalty and, in more paranoid quarters, as subversion.

Michael Keating
Guttenberg, New Jersey

What delighted me about Ezra Vogel's article on Japan was the fact that he did not dwell on some of the myths that are so appealing to the average reader—family security of the worker, lifetime earnings, or even "Japan, Inc." The reason I characterize these as myths is that a very careful comparison of these elements with those in the United States would show a difference in form but not much difference in substance. Rather

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than do that, Professor Vogel pointed out the really important facts that have a very strong influence on the position of Japan in the world. It was very well done.

James L. Hayes President
The American Management Association
New York, New York

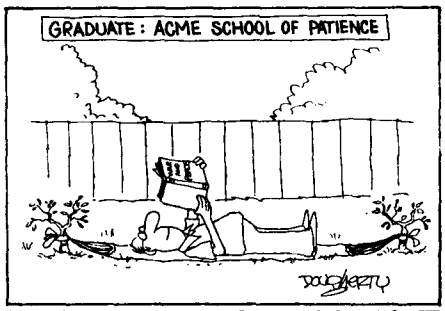
I have just finished reading your May 26 issue and I wish that every senator and congressman were required to read your article, "The Miracle of Japan." It might wake them up to what is going on, instill some old-fashioned patriotism in them, and spur them on to put their country first—in the manner of the early Adams patriots—instead of forever feuding over petty topics, election campaigns, and their own self-interest.

My husband used to say that this was a decadent nation and we would fall as Rome did. Not a bright prospect, but one has to face reality.

Your magazine is most comprehensive, with brilliant in-depth writing. I read it from cover to cover and am forever quoting it. I always pass my copies on to friends and give it to those who would appreciate it.

(Mrs.) Robert A. Crenshaw
Memphis, Tennessee

Grounded



Don Dougherty's graduate of the ACME School of Patience [May 12, see above] should be reading a book on the growth and development of plants rather than *War and Peace*. Any patient observer will realize that tree trunks elongate only at their growing tips, not at their bases. In 40 years when the trees are 30 feet tall he still will be at ground level.

Fred J. Dill
Vancouver, British Columbia

A Vote for Springsteen

In Robert Palmer's "The Beat Grows On" [Joys of the At-Home Generation, June 9] he neglected to mention "Born to Run," the album by Bruce Springsteen which has influenced so much of the late 70s' heavy metal sound. Springsteen's recording hit the rock n' roll world like a bombshell when it was released in 1976 and has never ceased to stand out as one of the great rock landmarks.

Steve Miller
Upper Montclair, New Jersey

PUZZLES

Literary Crypt No. 135

X TYVV-TWOQQYS VOZY OB XVIEBQ XB WXWY XB X TYVV-BUYSQ ESY.

QREIXB JXWVCVY

Wit Twister No. 147

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash with a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

As does the ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ that
  hangs unplucked and tart,
The nubile ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ conceals
  a small, green heart.
The ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ of young girls
  avoids this type,
Since priggishness precludes their
  growing ripe.

A.S.

Answers next issue

JULY 7 ANSWERS

Literary Crypt No. 134

Because the road is rough and long,
shall we despise the skylark's song?

—Anne Brontë

Wit Twister No. 146

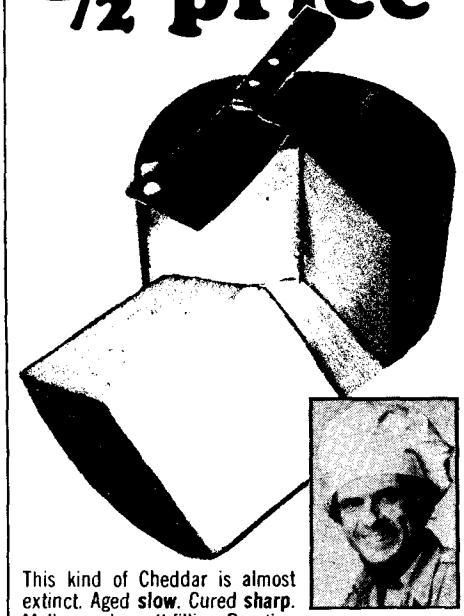
aspired, diapers, despair, praised

Middleton Double-Crostic No. 175

PETER VAN DER LINDE (WITH NAOMI A. HINTZE): TIME BOMB

Accidents happen. Crewmen have respect for any dangerous cargo at first, but fear is replaced eventually by carelessness. Nothing happens the first hundred times you handle it and so you relax ... nothing will happen—at least not to you.

cheddar ½ price



Gerard Paul
Director

This kind of Cheddar is almost extinct. Aged **slow**. Cured **sharp**. Mellow and mouthfilling. Bursting with buttery flavor. **Not** orange inside like commercial Cheddar. **but snowy white**—because **no** coloring, **no** chemicals, **no** preservatives are added. For **half price** I will ship you the entire virgin 3-lb. wheel. Nibble as much as you like without obligation. If not the best Cheddar of your life **simply return what is left** and I will refund all your money plus the cost of return postage.

Why this half price offer?

We are gambling that you will like our Cheddar enough to order **again...at full price**. And then again and again after that. However, only a few prize Cheddars are being allotted for this sampling offer. Therefore please respond promptly. We suggest you use our toll free phone number below to avoid disappointment. Thank you.—Gerard Paul.

if you make your Cheddar request within the next 7 days, we will include (free) the CHEDDAR CLEAVER shown above. It is razor-sharp, half-a-foot long, and regularly sells for $4.00.

CHEDDAR REQUEST

Mail to: **Gerard Paul, Dept. 151-30 Cheeselovers Bldg. Box 1200 Westbury, New York 11590**

Yes, Mr. Paul. Please ship me your 3-lb. wheel of Sharp Aged Farm Cheddar for half price—only 7.49 (reg. $15.00). I may sample as much as I wish—free of obligation. If it is not the best Cheddar of my life, I may return what is left for a full refund plus the cost of return postage. LIMIT 1 CHEDDAR TO ANY ADDRESS—NO EXCEPTIONS.

Enclosed is 7.49 plus 2.00 shipping * handling. Or charge to my ☐ VISA ☐ MASTER CHARGE

Card # _____ Exp. date _____

Name _____ Apt # _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

SAVE TIME—PHONE YOUR ORDER TOLL-FREE RIGHT THIS MINUTE!

Call Mon-Fri till midnight. Call Sat & Sun till 6PM. Phone 800-645-3197 Ext. 2. (In New York State, phone 800-228-2021 Ext. 2.) VISA or MASTER CHARGE card required.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The African Tangle

Recent political intrigue in Rhodesia has allowed South Africa to escape public attention. While Rhodesia's recent elections have raised some expectations for radical change, the story in South Africa is strictly business as usual. The most comprehensive study of South African business practices to date concludes that the basic structure of that nation's apartheid system remains untouched by recent reforms, and practically immune to business pressure (a somewhat gloomier picture than that outlined by *SR*'s Roger M. Williams in the September 30, 1978 issue).

The report, entitled "Business and Labor in South Africa" and published by the Washington-based Investor Responsibility Research Center, describes the role that American firms can and do play in South Africa and the constraints on change posed by government policy as well as long-standing tradition. Many American companies have signed the so-called Sullivan principles requiring an end to discriminatory practices; but author Desaix Myers III reports that Americans have actually been lagging behind the Europeans on the more important issue of recognizing African trade unions. All in all, he concludes, "The bulk of American companies may stay just about where the rest of the companies are in South Africa, adopting changes as they seem necessary and feasible."

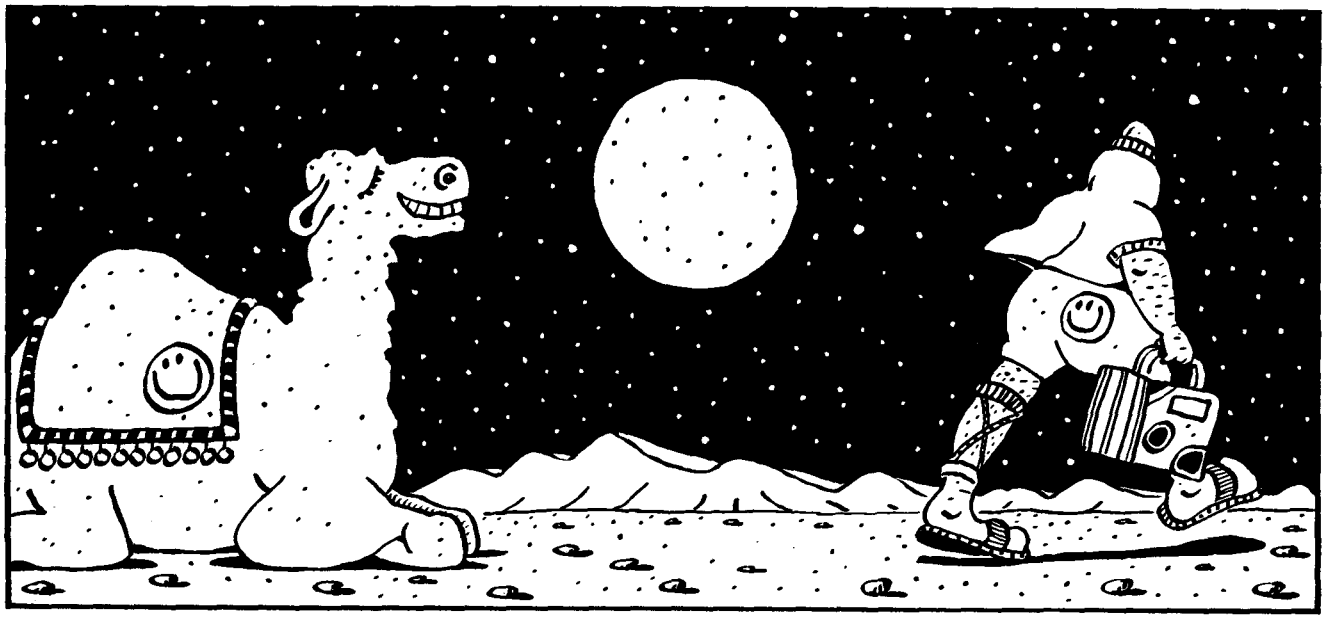
Although multinationals have argued that economic growth provides a boon to blacks as well as whites, the study also points out that the recent South African recession had spurred lobbying for reform by slightly disenchanted American firms. The upswing which has been in evidence over the past year may keep executives happily sucking their thumbs. Riots, likewise, have proved to be a sharp goad for social change; but the quietude of the country since the 1976-77 outbreaks, Myers states, has effectively stilled corporate clamor for liberalization.

The study is composed with painstaking care and neutrality, in part because its readership will be limited primarily to large corporations (at $300 a shot; $100 for nonprofit institutions). Its conclusions nevertheless provide very little basis for optimism.

As God Is My Tailor

The success with which T-shirt makers and jewelers and gewgaw manufacturers regularly exploit religious passion seems to be a sign of the persistence of idolatry. People can't quite resist wearing their faith like a bumper sticker. One of the newest, and more egregious, instances of the Word made marketable is a pair of men's underwear inscribed in Arabic with the sentiment, "There is no God but Allah," the cardinal article of Islamic faith. The sanctified underclothes sold 144,000 pairs before outraged protest forced them off the shelves of London's Marks and Spencer.

Since many of the customers were apparently Arab tourists, Kuwaiti Moslems tried to cut down on sales by organizing a boycott of England by tourists from Moslem countries. The Kuwaitis characterized the underwear as part of a "vile Zionist campaign to ridicule Islamic values."



KURT VARGO

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the Land of the Blind, the One-Armed Bandit Is King

Gambling fiends, as well as proponents of equal opportunity, will be pleased to learn that neither blindness nor confinement to a wheelchair needs serve as an impediment to losing your shirt. The Boardwalk Regency Hotel, in Atlantic City, New Jersey, whose casino was expected to have opened in June, plans to designate 23 slot machines as "handicapped preferred."

This touching act of generosity will involve lowering the slot's platform so that the handicapped can give a yank to its tantalizing arm. The same machine will be equipped with placards in braille, as a complement to the usual oranges-and-lemons routine. Advocates of these reforms might consider institutionalizing them by introducing a right-to-be-swindled amendment should a constitutional convention be held.

Bowing for Dollars

The proliferation of music competitions, with their high stakes and their charged atmosphere, has done for the world of music the same dubious service that the Olympics have done for amateur sport. But the limit may have been reached: The sponsors of the prestigious Leventritt International Competition have decided to abolish the contest, at least for the time being. "Competitions are breeding a kind of artist we are not anxious to foster," said Rosalie Leventritt Berner, in explaining the decision.

For the past 40 years the competition has been sending the victorious instrumentalists on the rounds of the major orchestras and picking up their fees. Now the Berners, who run the Leventritt Foundation, are casting around for some less exclusive or commercial way of discovering young Horowitzes.

Spare the Rod and Save Yourself a Lawsuit

Americans think they have a monopoly on the breakdown of the nuclear family. Only here, after all, have we erected such elaborate legal protections among various members of the family. Sweden, however, has left us in the dust of tradition. There, despite strenuous arguments drawn from the Old Testament, ancient legends, and old statutes, the Parliament has voted in favor of a law prohibiting parents from striking their children or treating them in any humiliating way.

The law's sponsors are a bit vague as to how far the "humiliating" clause can be stretched (making him eat peas, for example?), but spanking, and what divorcees call "mental cruelty" are definitely forbidden. The bill is not expected to send rod-happy parents streaming into the Swedish jails, but will be used mostly as the basis for a public-relations campaign designed to advance children's rights.

Apparently, the Swedes are also considering legislation to offer children counsel when their parents get divorced. Does this mean that the child can run away from home and then ask for alimony?

Submissions

SR will pay readers $25 for any clipping or item accepted for use in Front Runners. We regret that we cannot acknowledge receipt of materials, run bylines, or return unused submissions.
Please send items to:
Front Runners, Saturday Review,
1290 Avenue of the Americas,
New York, N.Y. 10019.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dartmouth XII

PRESIDENT DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER believed that diplomacy works best when a nation doesn't depend on diplomacy alone. This was behind his proposal that private citizens from the United States and the Soviet Union explore the outstanding issues between their two societies and that they then indicate to their governments openings and opportunities to be pursued by the diplomats.

The Dartmouth Conference in 1960 in Hanover, New Hampshire, was a specific outgrowth of that proposal. Since then, similar conferences have been held alternatively in the two countries. The twelfth conference in the series took place recently in Williamsburg, Virginia, when some three dozen American and Soviet citizens came together to consider a wide range of current problems, all the way from the military competition between the two countries to the need for a common effort to combat the threat of world famine.

The delegates* were divided into four separate working groups: arms control and the political relationships between the two countries; prospects for a durable peace in the Middle East; ways of widening trade and economic relations between the United States and the USSR; and the volatility of the situation in southern Africa.

Most of the issues examined at Williamsburg yielded to balanced and patient exploration. On some questions, however, it was apparent that Soviet delegates were eager to have clarification.

The discussions on the SALT II negotiations, for example, revealed concern among the Soviet representatives over the present ratification debate inside the United States. They were troubled by the apparent absence of strong public support for President Carter's stand favoring the treaty. They felt that the President is completely correct in describing the treaty as a mutual attempt to keep both countries from going over the nuclear brink and that nothing is more in the interests of both countries than effective approaches for bringing the arms race under control.

The Soviet delegates were puzzled by what they felt are contradictions in the treaty debate in the United States. Some American opponents of SALT, they said, describe it as a ploy by the Soviets to maintain their leadership in weaponry, while other SALT critics in the United States say the treaty will threaten the arms superiority of the United States. The Soviet delegates also wondered whether the American people might not be somewhat confused by the attempts of one group of Senators to oppose SALT II because it goes too far, while another group of Senators opposes it because it doesn't go far enough.

World problems must be the concern of not just governments but citizens.

Among the American delegates were Senator Charles Mathias, of Maryland, Senator Paul Tsongas, of Massachusetts, and Representative Stephen Solarz, of New York, all of whom created a context for an understanding of the present debate on SALT. They made no effort to minimize the intensity of opposition on the part of some Americans, but they said they believe there is growing awareness among Americans that SALT II is a vital part of an ongoing process to fix workable limits to the arms race.

All Americans at the conference emphasized the symbolic importance of SALT II. If ratification fails, they said, it will be interpreted as a sign that the American people have lost all interest in disarmament.

Another aspect of the SALT debate troubled the Soviet participants. They were disturbed by what they felt were damaging and inaccurate statements being made in the public arguments on SALT II. One of the Soviet delegates produced an American news clipping quoting a U.S. military official as having said, on his return from Moscow, that he had been told by a Soviet military spokesman that the USSR is now in a superior military position and intends to call the tune in its dealings with the U.S., or words to that effect. The Soviet delegate raising this point had been present at the meeting referred to in the news story and objected to the statement. What had actually happened, he said, was that the Soviet military spokesman had asserted that the time is now past when either country can dictate to the other on the basis of a supposed superiority. This exchange raised an interesting question: How are misleading news reports to be corrected?

A spinoff issue that wound in and out of the conference discussions had to do with American-Chinese relations. In private conversations, the Russian delegates expressed concern, not about U.S. recognition of the People's Republic of China, but about the way in which such recognition had been "sold" to the American people. They asserted that the Carter administration sought support for its China policy as an anti-Soviet stratagem. The Russians declared that Washington would involve itself in a dangerous game on the world chessboard if it tried to play the Soviet Union and China against each other. One of the Soviet delegates was especially troubled by the fact that Senior Deputy Prime Minister Teng's recent visit to the United States was so closely followed by China's punitive expedition against Vietnam. He implied that the two events were somehow connected; it was difficult for him to believe that China had not informed the United States about its intention to move against Vietnam.

Since the matter of U.S. recognition of China was not on the agenda, it didn't receive formal discussion. However, the Americans with whom the issue was privately raised saw the dangers of a Sino-Soviet confrontation, not just to the belligerents, but to the world. They said they deplored any effort within the United States to interpret Chinese-American friendship as an anti-Russian scheme. Quite the contrary, they said, world stability requires the reduction of tensions among all the major powers.

On the Middle East, the Soviet delegation did not see how their government could reasonably be expected to support the Egyptian-Israeli treaty, in view of what they claimed was our systematic exclusion of the USSR from the negotiations leading to that agreement. Originally, they said, the United States had

* **The Soviet Delegation:** Georgi Arbatov and Georgi Zhukov, co-chairmen. Revold Antov, Vladimir Alkhimov, Yuri Bobrakov, Stanislav Borisov, Oleg Bykov, Vladimir Gantman, Alexander Kislov, Mikhail Milstein, Nikolai Mostovets, Vsevolod Oleandrov, Evgeni Primakov, Boris Rounov, Georgi Schukin, Vitali Zhurkin.
The American Delegation: Robert G. Chollar and Norman Cousins, co-chairmen. Royal Allison, Landrum Bolling, Hedley Donovan, Paul Doty, Roger Fisher, Roy Harrington, Jim Hoagland, J.C. Hurewitz, Paul Jabber, Robert Legvold, Senator Charles Mathias, Don Paarlberg, David Rockefeller, Herbert Scoville, Representative Stephen Solarz, John Stremlau, Senator Paul Tsongas, Charles Whalen, David Williams, Sylvan Wittwer, Charles Yost.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

recognized the need for a joint approach in attempting to resolve the Middle East crisis. For example, in 1973, President Nixon had urged the Soviet Union to be a partner with the United States in seeking an end to the hostilities. At that time, Washington had proposed a comprehensive Geneva conference, with the United States and the Soviet Union as co-chairmen.

At Williamsburg—Openly discussing the volatile problems of two major nations.

Our attention was also called to the fact that on October 1, 1977, the United States and the USSR had issued a joint statement calling for a just and lasting peace in the Middle East that would be "comprehensive, incorporating all parties concerned and all questions." The Soviet delegates thought it was inexplicable, therefore, that only a few days later, the United States should give full and energetic support to efforts for a separate peace between Israel and Egypt. President Carter, they said, played a central role in these efforts for a period of more than a year, ignoring the 1977 joint statement. Against this background, the Soviet delegates were not very sanguine when the Americans at Williamsburg expressed the hope that the USSR would play a constructive role in the implementation of the Egyptian-Israeli peace treaty.

The American delegates said that President Sadat's original peace proposals were not prompted by the United States, though President Carter enthusiastically welcomed Sadat's initiative since it represented the first real breakthrough in the prospects for peace in more than a quarter-century. The moment Sadat made his dramatic gesture for peace, the entire situation in the Middle East changed. The only relevant question at that time, we felt, was how to make the most of that spectacular new opening.

Since the United States had a good working relationship with Egypt and Israel, it was entirely natural that we should do everything within our means to help those countries achieve their first formal peace agreement. Far from feeling apologetic about President Carter's systematic and prolonged efforts in the Middle East, the American conferees said they were proud that the United States had played a useful role in enhancing the chances for peace in that area. They expressed hope, moreover, that their Soviet colleagues would not allow any resentment over supposed or real exclusion to result in a policy of negation and discord.

The Soviet delegates responded that they were not motivated by an attitude of sour grapes. They said they honestly believe that the treaty between Egypt and Israel won't work. They pointed to the negative reaction in the Arab world as evidence. What good will a separate treaty do if it polarizes the nations that have to be brought together?

Again, the Americans emphasized the need to focus on the present situation. They said they still believe in the importance of a comprehensive settlement. They also hoped the Soviet government would not turn away from the fact that a strong beginning has now been made. In the end, both delegations prepared a report acknowledging their differences but also reemphasizing their common conviction that the United States and the USSR should use all their influence in the Middle East to prevent any escalation of danger that could impede a comprehensive settlement between Israel and her Arab neighbors. The conferees also reaffirmed their support of mutual recognition of the concerned parties; of withdrawal of Israeli troops from occupied territory; of self-determination of the Palestinian people; and of guarantees of the security and independence of all states in the area, including Israel—in the spirit of the U.N. Resolution 242.

The discussions about trade made it apparent that the Soviet delegates believed that the only way to prevent world economic instability is through a planned world economy. They were apprehensive about the effect of a half a billion dollar's floating around on the Euro-dollar market. While they called for joint cooperation by the two major nations in their approach to the world economy, they left unexplained the refusal of their country to join the International Monetary Fund or to sign the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade.

Both delegations agreed on a statement supporting the development of close Soviet-American relations in trade and technological fields. They called for efforts to eliminate existing obstacles, such as the absence of reciprocal most-favored-nation treatment in trade. They advocated mutual access to credits on a normal and universally accepted basis. They expressed satisfaction with progress in the agricultural arrangements between the two countries. They urged fuller scientific cooperation in increasing world agricultural production in order to prevent mass famine.

The task force on southern Africa called for a peaceful transition to independence and genuine majority rule. The role of the Organization of African Unity in contributing to this purpose was stressed. Emphasis was also given to the danger represented by the potential spread of nuclear weapons in Africa. Both sides agreed on the need for their countries to work together in promoting African self-determination and independence. The Americans pointed out, however, that the Cuban forays in Africa, which they regard as being especially serious and dangerous, are hardly likely to generate public support in this country for joint action with the Soviet Union in that region.

The Americans expressed hope that the recent release of the five Soviet dissidents and the increased flow of emigrées from the Soviet Union represent an enduring moderation of the Soviet position with respect to human rights. One of the Soviet delegates also expressed hope that human rights for women in the United States would receive all required support. Despite all differences, both delegations felt that their exchange promoted an improved understanding of the points at issue.

In the final plenary session, which considered the reports of the separate committees, what was perhaps most impressive was the tone of the discussion. It was apparent that the delegates valued the opportunity to talk openly with one another about fundamental problems and to recognize the need to create a perspective in which both countries could give proper attention to their common perils and common needs. It is too easy for nations to slide from one year to the next failing to face up to serious underlying problems. The volatility of these problems must be the concern not just of governments, but of citizens. Any opportunity, therefore, to identify and avert dangers must be valued and pursued.

—N.C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fulsome's Folly

I JUST HEARD someone on the radio say something like, "Once you've known the rich, fulsome taste of organically grown fruits and vegetables and natural whole grains...." I'd never heard *fulsome*, which is usually used or misused in the term "fulsome praise," misused in quite that way before. But I like "the rich, fulsome taste." *Fulsome* is perhaps the most contra-onomatopoeic word in English. It sounds like *full* and *wholesome*, but in fact it means "disgusting, offensive."

Because of the exquisitely tortuous conduits of memory, the misuse of *fulsome* made me think of Norman Corwin. To explain this extraordinary connection, I have to go back to the early Forties, when one of the outstanding shows on the radio airwaves was *The Columbia Workshop*, whose most memorable offering was a series called *26 by Corwin*.

The idea of writing 26 half-hour radio plays single-handedly is impressive. Writing 26 absolutely first-class, crème-de-la-crème radio plays could be done, I think, only by Norman Corwin.

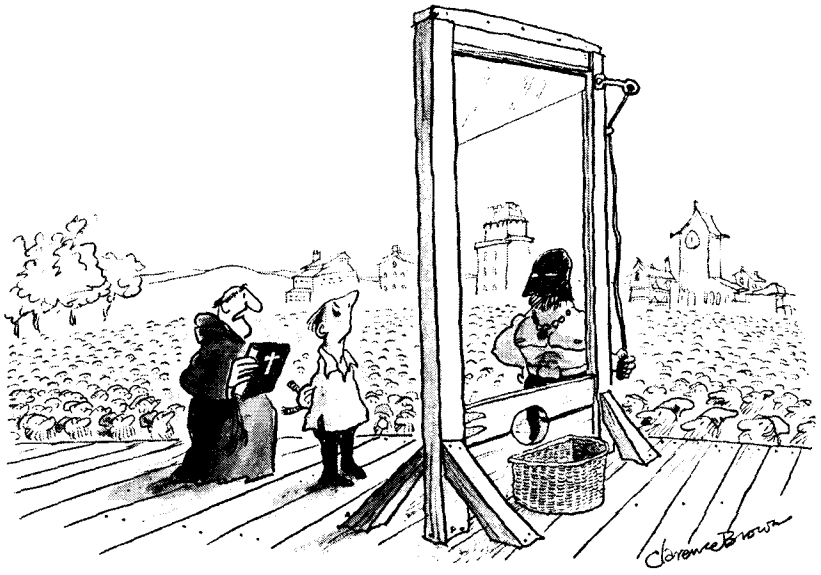
Of the 26, the one I particularly recall, although it was probably not one of the best and certainly not one of the most important, was *A Radio Primer*, which listed, from A to Z, alphabet-primer-style, some of the terms that were current in the world of radio. In about 1942, while I was in high school, some of us performed *A Radio Primer* in assembly for the rest of the student body. That I can recite great hunks of the show to this day is surely more attributable to the quality of Mr. Corwin's writing than to my memory, which is erratic at best.

A couple of years ago, I met Mr. Corwin at a dinner party, and, fearing that I might never get another chance, I couldn't resist reciting some of *A Radio Primer* to him—particularly the soporific. Younger citizens, and perhaps even some of the older, will not remember radio's soporifics. They usually came on the air after 11 PM. A soporific was a sappy poem intended to induce sleep—by numbing the mind, I think. They were always delivered by a man with a banana-cream voice. In Corwin's *Radio Primer, S* was for *Soporific*. As a high-school boy, I did my best to make my voice suitably rich and confectionery while reading the soporific.

When I met Norman Corwin, I told him I thought I remembered it perfectly, and I gave it a try:

When Phoebe doth her grummons gather up
And in the trancid night forsoonly sup
Of myrrh and the smerds of Arcady,
When chumblers in the dim-lit asplenade
Bestrew the glamorantine of the glade,
Then come, love, cast the wampts and
cherybdibs
And frolls and fulsome friptures on the air,
For hearts that beat in wambledon garoome
Can ne'er the druid fluid flume the frume.

He told me it sounded letter-perfect and very generously offered to copy it from the original and send it to me. My only goof was *asplenade*. It's *aspenade*.



Just try to think of it as being legally separated.

The poem is a sort of onomatopoeic tour de force—a selection of sounds to woo the sandman, and it bears out my long-held feeling about *fulsome*. What could be more desirable than "frolls and fulsome friptures"? *Fulsome* has no right to mean "disgusting," yet that is what the lexicographers tell us it means.

Corwin certainly didn't "misuse" *fulsome* any more than he misused *frolls, friptures,* and *wambledon garoome*. He used fulsome because it sounded right.

At one time *fulsome* meant what it should mean. It was a decent, upright word about 500 years ago. Then, through no apparent fault of its own, it suffered the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune and came a cropper after going through a lexical Rake's Progress to degradation.

The Oxford English Dictionary gives us the stages of its downfall. To summarize, *fulsome* started out meaning "Characterized by abundance, possessing or affording copious supply; abundant, plentiful, full." It then went through "Of the body, etc.: Full and plump, fat, well-grown; in a bad sense, overgrown." That was the beginning of the decline. Next came "Of food: satiating, 'filling,' tending to cloy or surfeit; ... tending to cause nausea." From then on, the skids were greased: "Foul-smelling, stinking"; "Offensive to the senses generally"; "Disgusting, repulsive, odious." Finally, its present meaning: "Of language, style, behavior, etc.: offensive to good taste; *esp.* offending from excess or want of measure or from being 'overdone.' Now chiefly used in reference to gross or excessive flattery, over-demonstrative affection, or the like."

Trying to rescue a word from its abjection is as fruitless as trying to ban a word from the language, I suppose. We'd have no more luck restoring *fulsome* to its former meaning than so many of us have had hopefully damning "hopefully it won't rain" and similar errant uses of that word.

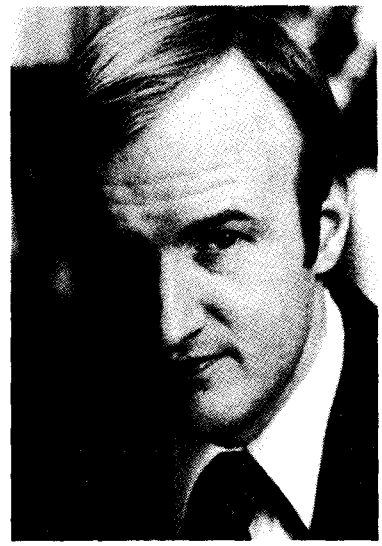
There isn't much we can do on *fulsome*'s behalf. Still, when I heard the guy on the radio talk about "the rich, fulsome taste of organically grown fruits and vegetables," I gave a small, noiseless cheer, a silent acknowledgment of a misstep in the right direction.

I haven't asked, but it wouldn't surprise me if Norman Corwin feels the same way.

—Thomas H. Middleton

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Do you want the government prying into your finances? I'll show you how to keep them away."



A Message from Mark Skousen

Three years ago I met a field auditor with the Internal Revenue Service. At social gatherings, when the talk got around to the mess in Washington and everyone's gripes about the government, he would interrupt with, "Now what did you say your social security number is?"

He was joking—or so he said. But his words set me thinking. *If the government can catch me with a number, then the power to tax is indeed the power to destroy.*

I began to study the situation. I was appalled to discover how much the government and business groups could find out about my personal and financial affairs *without my even knowing it.*

But I also learned that there were steps I could take—perfectly legal steps—to keep the snoops out of my life.

Then, as I got deeper into the problem, I realized that other men and women were troubled too. They were angry, but they felt helpless to do anything about it. When I told them the simple steps they could take, for example, to protect their social security number, most of them just wouldn't believe me, until I actually proved it. One friend suspected his boss was spying on him. I showed him a free, easy way to find out whether his office phone was bugged. A friend of my wife's was having trouble with her husband. He was living beyond their means, spending their savings on heaven knows whom. I was able to show her how to store her valuables safely, outside her home and her safe deposit box.

But one thing I learned after three years of research. *Nobody had ever written a book about how I could protect my privacy.* It seemed that everybody was afraid of what the government would do to him.

Well, I don't consider myself a hero, but I decided to take on this project myself. After all, I am not doing anything illegal—or recommending anything illegal. My book is not for criminals. (They already know all the illegal methods.) It is for concerned citizens who *don't* want to break the law, but want to do everything possible to keep the government, business competitors, or prying relatives out of their private lives and their financial affairs.

My publisher calls the book **Mark Skousen's Complete Guide to Financial Privacy.** If secrecy, financial and otherwise, is one of your concerns, I'm certain my book will help you, in dozens of ways. For example:

- 5 reasons why you need financial privacy now.
- How to make sure your larger checks are *not* available to the government.
- Treasury rules on foreign bank accounts: 5 promising *legal* loopholes.
- 2 little-known tricks for preserving privacy even with a listed phone number.
- How to learn what data a credit bureau is furnishing about you.
- 2 ways to get a sizable loan without collateral and without revealing the purpose of the loan.
- Risks you should *not* take to maintain privacy.
- How to mail money out of the country anonymously.

"Privacy from government is perhaps the most important thing in life right now."

—Harry D. Schultz

- The 10 best ways to hide your valuables.
- You *can* avoid probate, and the harmful publicity that goes along with it.
- The terrible powers of the IRS.
- Sample contract to assure bank privacy.
- The benefits of a (perfectly legal) fictitious company checking account.
- The 6 best tax havens. Advantages and disadvantages of each. 6 common reasons for using a tax haven.
- How to use money orders, cashier's checks and travelers checks to enhance privacy. How to avoid the pitfalls.
- How the post office can monitor your mail.
- IRS devices to learn more about you.
- The joys of a diplomatic passport. 3 ways a nondiplomat may get one.
- Mexican banks: there's privacy, but also risks.
- Advantages of foreign accounts even where there is no secrecy.
- Project Haven, and the illegal behavior of IRS agents.
- Money couriers: many work for the underworld, but some don't.
- U.S. and Nazi tax laws: one disturbing similarity.
- An expert's rundown on alarms and security devices.
- Advantages—and risks—of a second passport.
- The positive side of the so-called Bank Secrecy Act.
- Ways *anyone* can spy on you—legally!
- Swiss banks: still secret, in most circumstances. The 35 crimes that allow the Swiss to reveal bank secrets. Large and small Swiss banks—which are better?
- One-stop Swiss banking: the amazing variety of services. The numbered account: pro and con; how it works.
- 2 legal ways to take a large sum out of the country *without* reporting it.
- 3 ideal investments for maintaining privacy.
- Your investments: those that get reported to the IRS; those that are *not* reported.
- 24 steps to financial and personal privacy—a summary.
- 7 tips to help you avoid a tax audit.

Yes, my book *can* help, in countless ways. Proof: send for it. If you don't agree, my publisher will give you your money back.

9191

Alexandria House
P.O. Box 2599
Landover Hills, Maryland 20784

☐ I enclose $14.95. Please rush, postpaid, *Mark Skousen's Guide to Financial Privacy.* I understand that I may read the book for 14 days. If not pleased, I may return it for a full and prompt refund.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip ____

SA930a

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOTES FROM THE BLUE COAST

Let Them Eat Red

IN THE NORTH you eat white; in the south you eat red. So you may sum up the European cuisine. It is in Italy that you see this chromatic dichotomy most clearly and, of course, taste it too. I lunched the other day in the home of my Milanese publisher, and I was given *riso al burro*, which is rice cooked in butter and cheese, followed by *vitello*, or white-bled veal, a variety of pallid *formaggi* (cheese is the corpse of milk, says Mr. Bloom), and a banana cooked in the oven in its skin. The wine was white too. This is the northern way. You must avoid color. Particularly you must avoid the rich ripe bloodiness of the tomato. They eat tomatoes in the south, not the north. The south is poor, the north prosperous. For a northerner to eat a dish based on tomatoes is to proclaim poverty; it is the culinary equivalent of wearing a frayed tie or shoes with holes in them.

Americans for the most part know only the southern Italian cuisine, redolent of garlic and flushed with tomato. Rich, white-eating Italians did not need to emigrate to the Land of the Free. The southern cuisine is typically expressed in the pizza, which has found its way to the capital and the north of Italy chiefly through the influence of America, a combination of deference to American *chic* and satisfaction of American tourist demand. Americans ask for English muffins in London, so English hotels make haste to import them from America (the true English, as opposed to American English, muffin no longer exists. It was a pretty big thing in the good old days of the bell-ringing muffin-man, big as a pizza). For an American to ask for a pizza in Rome or Turin and not get one is as bad as finding that very few Englishmen wear (not drink) cokes and carry rolled umbrellas. So the *pizzeria* now abounds, even in the white north.

When Queen Margarita of the house of Savoy first visited Naples, she had not of course even seen a pizza. They made her a special one, very white, without tomatoes, and they called it a margarita. It is assumed by the nonhistorical that the margaric, or pearly, quality of this variety of pizza explains its name—a happy coincidence of etymologies.

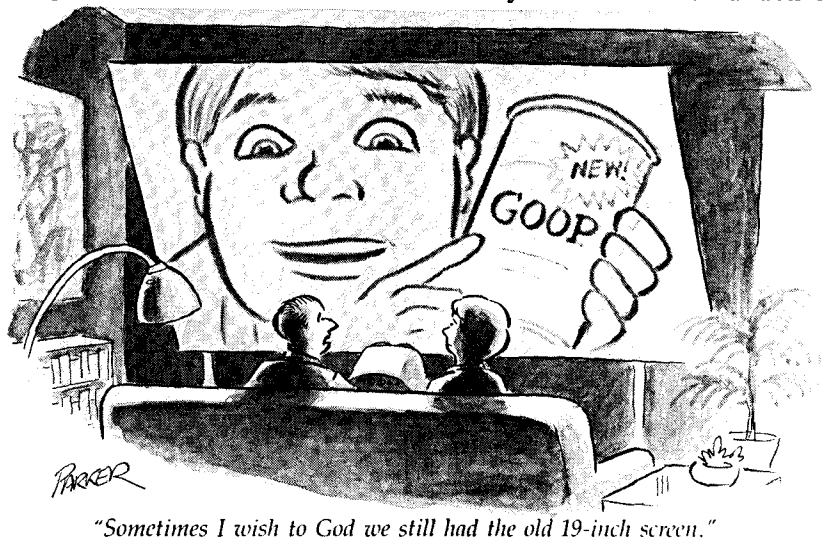
In the north of Italy, in Queen Margarita's Piedmont, about two miles southeast of Alessandria, there is a village named Marengo. Here, in 1800, Napoleon thoroughly trounced the Austrians. The evening before the battle Napoleon proposed dining with his chiefs of staff and expected his *chef de cuisine* to come up with something moderately substantial, moderately dainty. All the chef could find were some scrawny chickens, crayfish, oil, eggs, and tomatoes. He sautéed the hacked chickens in oil, added tomatoes and wine, hesitated over the crayfish and then said what the hell, finally serving the fowl-fish dish with fried eggs on croutons. This was the original *poulet Marengo*.

One may reasonably ask what tomatoes were doing in Northern Italy and reasonably answer that some poor southerner had imported them thither. But the important thing—in the view of some cynical gourmets, the only important thing—that came out of Napoleon's military career is the sudden appearance of an essentially southern dish, now a classic, in the white north. Tomatoes and oil, oil to the northern eaters of *riso al burro* being as much an intrusion of the culture of poverty as the *pomodoro* itself. When the Arabs took over the Dorchester Hotel in London people were saying: "I suppose now everything will be cooked in oil." Oil is an abomination to the buttered north.

Yet chicken or veal Marengo got into the north. It had to become a patriotic addition to the haute cuisine. This was a substantial and lasting fruit of revolution. But it is interesting to note that evolution or devolution has been having its way with the dish. When *veau Marengo* appears on the menu of a Paris restaurant you will rarely find it served in its Napoleonic entirety. I have had it without the eggs on croutons and with the crayfish, or without the crayfish and with the eggs. There is a conflict in the heart of the *cuisinier*. He wishes to be patriotic, *viz.* Bonapartist, and at the same time true to a tradition which, as Barthes puts it, can admit many things diachronically, or consecutively, but very few synchronically, or simultaneously. Fish/fowl; fish/eggs; fowl/eggs; fish/fowl/eggs—these are traditionally diachronic concepts, and to admit them synchronically is a revolutionary defiance of long-established culture. Worst of all, of course, is the admission of the southern tomato and olive. Some cooks and some recipe books prescribe butter, not oil, but no one can get away with the omission of the tomato. Chicken or veal Marengo is a red dish.

I can draw neither a moral nor a metaphysical conclusion from this breaching of the citadels of the white by the forces of the red. All I can suggest is that we approach the great movements of history with fewer anticipations of profundity of outcome than the leaders of such movements lead their people to expect. What came out of America's "good neighbor" policy toward South America in World War II? Carmen Miranda and the samba. What, in that same war, did the Allies and the Germans find they had in common? A liking for a song called "Lilli Marlene." If *poulet Marengo* was the only lasting outcome of a military career that slaughtered all the horses and most of the men of Europe, at least it is tasty. Has anything as valuable emerged from Vietnam?

—Anthony Burgess



"Sometimes I wish to God we still had the old 19-inch screen."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One of these men had a business that went into a slump, into the red and up in smoke.

He had a fire of a "suspicious" nature, but arson could not be proved. So, he was able to collect a substantial amount on his insurance. He turned his business loss into a profit for himself but into an additional expense for the insurance company and the policyholders.

Arson has become the "hottest" crime in the nation. Who are these arsonists? They range from small, one-time offenders, like the man on the left, to organized professional "torches." Many have found arson a profitable crime. Shocking! Even more shocking are the losses related to arson—700 lives and an estimated $1.6 billion in insured fire losses in 1977. When you consider lost jobs, property taxes and higher costs in consumer goods, the total economic loss is a staggering $10 billion!

We're a major group of property and casualty insurance companies and we're alarmed by the rise in this violent, costly and dangerous crime. Not only does arson jeopardize lives and property, it costs policyholders a lot of money—approximately 40¢ of every claim dollar paid for fire losses. That's four times more than ten years ago.

Recently, the FBI re-classified arson as a major crime, in the same category as murder, rape and grand larceny. This re-classification will result in greater attention by federal, state and local law enforcement agencies. We in the insurance industry urged the government to take this action. We will continue working with law enforcement agencies to stop the spread of this vicious crime.

Here's what we're doing:

- Trying to take the profit out of arson by more extensive investigation of claims and by cooperating in the prosecution of more persons involved in "suspicious" fires.
- Supporting the Insurance Crime Prevention Institute's investigations of insurance fraud.
- Conducting arson-detection seminars for insurance personnel.
- Developing the Property Insurance Loss Register—a computerized file of previous loss claims which will alert investigators.
- Encouraging state legislators to pass stricter laws that carry heavier punishments for arson.
- Encouraging community and state arson task force programs to deal with arson problems on a local level.

Here's what you can do:

- Report any suspicious persons or activity to the police, fire department or fire marshal.
- Support efforts in your community to fight arson.

This message is presented by the **American Insurance Association,** 85 John Street, New York, N.Y. 10038.

Affordable insurance is our business...and yours.

© 1979 American Insurance Association

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reinventing Childhood

THE INVENTION of childhood is barely 400 years old. Until the end of the 16th century, children, once beyond the years of infancy, were treated, dressed, and permitted to act much the same as adults, with due allowance made for their frail bodies and small size.

With the advent of childhood as "a unique condition," lasting generally into and sometimes even after adolescence, the role of children underwent dramatic change. Little by little, they came to be regarded as they would be viewed for the next several centuries: little packets of charming but incorrigible mischief, lovable at best, infuriating at worst, in either case requiring constant feeding and attention—contributing little and consuming much. Children were regarded as small problems patiently waiting to be big ones. Throughout this period, childhood was deprecated as a time of moral passivity; that children might have something worth contributing was never seriously entertained.

Our views of children have changed dramatically in the present century. First, Freud taught us that our most profound moral and psychological dispositions are formed by childhood experience. Then such experts as Jean Piaget and Lawrence Kohlberg traced the development of moral thought through the years of childhood and youth. Finally, in only the past few decades, children have begun to be credited with the ability not only to think ethically, but to act as moral agents in a changing society.

What has caused us to recognize these wasted possibilities, after attributing to children for so long the same ineptitude as the senile and insane? We may attribute this change of heart, in part, to the work of imaginative authors, including Phillip Ariès, Ivan Illich, and the late Paul Goodman; even more emphatically, to the writings as well as the living conviction of such men as Dr. Benjamin Spock. Of equal importance were the models set for us by several other nations, Cuba and Israel probably the most important and influential. Above all, perhaps, was the vivid example given to us by young men and women on their own, whether in their courageous activism in the voter-registration projects of the early Sixties or in their opposition to the war in Vietnam.

For whatever reason, the definition of childhood has changed—and, with it, an unhappy role which has, for a century at least, been forced upon our public schools. The school, as Alfred North Whitehead noted, is built upon ideas that lead neither to action, nor to passion, nor to transformation, but (at most) to good term papers and examinations. Childhood thereby becomes a moratorium on life, a time in which young people spend about one-quarter of their projected biological existence in rote drill and readiness for the three-quarters they may never live to know. Youth is thus defined as preparation *for* life, not a portion *of* it.

"It doesn't seem real," one student said to me in Syracuse, New York, last spring. "Everything we do in school is like a simulation of some other thing that would be real if it weren't taking place in school."

This wholesale neglect of the world outside the window is best dramatized by that insidious vehicle of scholastic alienation, "the simulation game." We close the windows, pull down the blinds, ventilate the air, deflect the light, absorb the sound, etherize the heart, and neutralize the soul. Then we bring in simulation games to try to imitate the world that we have, with such great care and at such vast expense, excluded.

I witnessed this farce in a $12 million stone-and-concrete high school without walls and also without windows poised at the corner of the two most explosive streets in Harlem. Inside, the "innovative," "open-structured" "teacher-as-a-resource-person" introduced to her locked-in class of black and militant, cheated and embittered eighth-grade children a simulation game called Ghetto: "Let's pretend now that we live within one of the racially impacted regions of the Northeast section of the country.... "

The direct consequence of this perverse method is that children come to view school, university, moral struggle—indeed, all social transformation—as "not what we do, but what is done to us." The child thus comes to adopt a pas-

"Norma Jean, it's me. I spent the day at Elizabeth Arden's.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sive view of his relationship to history. Asking students in a suburban U.S. high school how they conceived of history, I got back the same answers that my own peers (and those of my parents, I suspect) would offer:

"History is everything important that has happened in the past and now is over."

"History is what is done by famous and important people."

This strikes us as a more or less natural view. In fact, it is the fruit of our training, and is not duplicated everywhere. I was relieved to find at least one other country where the response was very different, for children and adults both. Visiting a junior high school, I asked the same question.

"History," said one student in the ninth grade, "is what we do in the morning about the things we thought about the night before."

Something is changing, and it is a very deep and sweeping change, when children, in whatever nation, dare to speak this way at last about the world in which they live.

The change is real. Clearly, it has yet to filter down to all or very many of the classrooms in this nation, but there is already sufficient change for us to start to dream of it on a much larger scale. In many schools of the Western world, a new definition of the whole idea of childhood has started finally to take effect.

In a school outside Havana, in the fall of 1976, I watched a class of third-grade children taking small amounts of a black, powderlike substance from large wooden barrels in one corner of the room, pouring it carefully onto small square pieces of thin cloth or paper, then slowly stitching it together with needle and thread. It was a few minutes before I recognized what they were doing. They were making tea bags!

I discovered that they, along with the other third-graders of Cuba, were producing all the tea bags that would be required in the next year.

A modest event: 45 minutes out of the full day. The work was not unduly hard; and the children faced no threat of injuring their backs or straining their arms. They simply took a small and seemingly enjoyable role in helping to provide one of the basic needs of their society.

Here in Boston, a similar movement is underfoot; not uniformly nor, for now, as official city or state policy, but simply as the spontaneous reaction of good teachers to a new, less narrow, and less crippling vision of the role of children.

Students at one secondary school in Boston study Early Childhood Development in the morning, then work, for pay, with troubled youngsters in a neighborhood day-care center in the afternoon. Another group of Boston high-school pupils tutors elementary-level students in basic math and reading skills—improving their own competence while helping those 10 years their junior to make dramatic strides through one-to-one attention.

A third group of ingenious high-school kids in Boston now operates a retail store out of an embellished pushcart at Boston's fashionable and historic Quincy Market.

All of these efforts are for real; none is a "simulation." Whether it is tutoring in Boston or tea bags in Havana, the work of these young people is authentic and useful; in every instance, the student comes to see himself as a full-scale member and participant of the real political and economic life of his society.

Now, at last, in 1979, an even more exciting possibility is in the wind. A plan is underway to introduce to Congress legislation which may make it possible for hundreds of thousands of secondary-school and college students to take leaves of absence for six months or more, in order to form the spearhead of a high-powered effort to eradicate adult illiteracy in the United States. The basic elements involve at least 5 million people 15 to 25 years old in an effort to liberate 25 million U.S. adults from the bondage of illiteracy.

If legislation to empower this type of program passes House and Senate subcommittees and the inevitable floor debates during the months ahead, our Congress will have done much more than begin the abolition of adult illiteracy. It will also have helped to redefine the role of childhood and to emancipate young people, for the first time, from the prison cells of simulation and from the school-mandated sense of uselessness, of wasted hours and exhausted years, which are the results of our archaic definition of those two words, "youth" and "childhood," in the United States.

Perhaps a time is coming when schools no longer will feel the need to use their scarce funds to go out and purchase simulation games. Childhood, as we have seen, is a relatively new invention. As we struggle to outgrow what has become an outmoded concept, perhaps we can also outgrow our perception of the schools in which our children are trapped. In the Year of the Child, we might begin by reinventing the whole idea of childhood.

Children need not remain, in the words of Ivan Illich, "a consumer definition for a commodity known as school." They can also be forces to transform their schools and, with them, the societies in which they live.

—Jonathan Kozol

Mr. Kozol's first book, Death at an Early Age, *was awarded a National Book Award in 1968. He is presently at work on an extensive study of desegregation in the Boston schools.*

"That's a window, honey. There are no commercials."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PRIVACY SNATCHERS

Are Information Gatherers Violating Your Rights?

by James Traub

WHEN JOHN PONTIER APPLIED for a major medical insurance policy, his local insurance company in Boise, Idaho, asked a consumer reporting agency to examine Pontier's background to help determine what sort of underwriting risk he would be. An investigator was dispatched to Pontier's neighborhood, where he discovered a number of disturbing details about the applicant's life. Pontier and his wife, he found out, were both addicted to narcotics. And Pontier's Taco Bell franchise had been closed down by the health board for a year after dog food had been found mixed in with the tacos. With this information in hand, the insurance company decided that Pontier was not an insurable risk and rejected his application. There was only one problem. The information "was obviously made up," says Pontier. His wife is a practicing Mormon who doesn't touch drink, much less drugs. The Taco Bell restaurant has never been cited for a health violation. And Pontier constituted about as good a risk as an insurance company could ask.

Pontier took the reporting agency to court and won his case, receiving compensation for damages. But the derogatory report remains on file in company headquarters in Atlanta; there it keeps company with millions of other such files in a vast repository of hearsay, gossip, half-truths and truths, sexual innuendo, arrest records, drinking habits, and moral assessments, as well as the routine data of name, age, address, and so forth. These are the files of Equifax, Inc., the country's largest wholesaler of personal information.

John Pontier's case is, of course, an exception; were it not, Equifax would not be the $300 million business that it is today. But in its daily operations, touching the lives of thousands of people who want something—an insurance policy, a job, a credit card—that they cannot get without surrendering some quantity of information about themselves, Equifax and the personal-information industry it dominates raise profound and difficult questions about the right to privacy in what has been called the Information Age. The most straightforward among them is whether Equifax's consumer reporting service provides accurate and essential data for underwriting and employment decisions, or, as its critics charge, cut-rate gossip. And beyond the quality of the information is the question of its origin: If the information comes not from ourselves, but our neighbors, does that imply some invasion of our privacy? But the conventional definition of privacy—the right to be let alone—leaves us perplexed in the face of modern computer technology, which gathers and exchanges information about us in a silent colloquy touching neither ourselves nor any other person. The advent of this new capacity compels us to ask an even more difficult question: Can we exert as much control over this shadow self, this paper and print-out version of our character and history, as we do over our own persons?

EQUIFAX IS AN INFORMATION conglomerate. Its Equifax Service Division controls the vast majority of the consumer reporting market. It runs the nation's fourth or fifth largest credit reporting operation—a service used by credit grantors rather than insurers or employers. Its health-screening service, which is offered as part of an "information package" to insurance companies, is one of the country's biggest. Equifax recently added two more affiliates which process billing and appointments for doctors and health-maintenance organizations. Other divisions chip in with marketing information, printing, and safety and loss control.

Though Equifax didn't invent consumer reporting, its sheer size has enabled it to define the field. And the company has made it a fast-food rather than a gourmet service. While other firms, such as Pinkerton, won't even bill for less than a full day's investigation, Equifax will deliver a biography of you to an insurer for $15 to $20. The inspection, sometimes conducted by an off-duty policeman or a housewife, more often by a young man earning perhaps $15,000 for his investigative skills, takes roughly 20 minutes (larger policies, of course, get longer inspections). The Equifax employee works during the day, so he often has a hard time locating people; and he is supposed to speak to the applicant and two other people who know him, usually neighbors or business associates. Equifax has 5,000 field representatives compiling between 15 and 20 million of these reports (depending on what you include) every year.

What an insurance company gets for $15 is a confirmation of the applicant's name, address, family size, and so on, along with details of his personal and business habits supplied by the two or three interviewees. In his 20 minutes the Equifax

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUSANNAH KELLY

field representative will have asked each subject up to 30 questions, with some variation depending on the policy involved. He will ask about the applicant's use of alcohol or narcotics (how much? how often? what kind? when? where?), whom he's living with if not his wife, whether there is "anything adverse about reputation, lifestyle, and home environment," and if there is any news of domestic troubles or reports of dubious business practices.

The compilation of such detailed and impressionistic information in such a short span of time would seem to be an open invitation to inaccuracy. Certainly John Pontier and the 200,000 or so others who lodge complaints with Equifax annually think so. But Equifax spokesmen point out that every big business makes an occasional error, and adduce detailed time studies confirming a happy fit between the time allotted to a particular investigation and the time the investigator actually needed to complete it accurately. "Those that can't do it," says New York regional vice-president Don Reiss, "we just have to assume that they're not cut out for the business of talking to people intelligently."

The Federal Trade Commission, however, has taken a dimmer view of Equifax's methods. After running through 300 witnesses and 16,000 pages of transcript (the most comprehensive consumer-protection action in FTC history), an administrative law judge recommended that Equifax be enjoined from a lengthy series of abuses. Summarizing the findings of an exhaustive inquiry, presiding official Theodor P. von Brand wrote that field representatives staggering beneath an impossible burden of reports—15 to 20 per day— "compensated by contacting unqualified sources, faking sources, misstating time coverage, hurrying through interviews, failing to ask a full range of questions, using the telephone not in accord with company procedures [when a face-to-face interview is called for], or working excessive overtime."

An even more drastic shortcut might have been included in the list. A former employee told the Senate Banking Committee that he had completely invented 25 percent of his reports, and that he was far from alone in doing so. An underwriter generally sympathetic to Equifax recalls several "skywritten" reports, in which the inspector gave a clean bill of health to an applicant who turned out to be dead.

Inaccuracies of this sort, the inquiry found, hurt insurers more than the public, since harried field representatives were more likely to invent favorable than unfavorable information. But former employees also testified that investigative talent was judged by the amount of adverse information—Equifax has taken to calling it "significant"—an inspector could produce. A 1974 newsletter in the Dayton office cheerfully offered "congratulations to Coble, Cundey, Landwehr, and Ursish for over 10% declinable [information leading the insurer to deny coverage] Life and the majority of our people for over 10% declinable Auto." Equifax keeps track of such information in monthly quality-control audits. Underwriters deny that they put pressure on consumer reporters for adverse data— "We go

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to Equifax for the balanced picture," says Alan Johnson of Metropolitan Life—but erring on the side of caution might very well be in the interest of both Equifax and its customers. In a recent underwriters' meeting, in fact, Equifax was attacked for not producing *enough* adverse information.

Inaccurate data is not in and of itself an invasion of privacy, though it represents something far worse if it causes you to lose a job or an insurance policy. It does in any case indicate that the personal information business, which we can easily imagine as a series of computerized transactions between vast, impersonal firms, may in fact have human error built into its very structure.

The difficulty of controlling personal information represents the most modern derangement of the privacy right.

A more immediate and obvious threat to privacy is posed by the kind of information that Equifax seeks to elicit. Such data, in another context, might be called gossip, and, like gossip, often falls into a gray area between fact and fancy. Of one woman a field representative wrote, "Sources report that she appears to be well educated as she seems intelligent and leaves the impression of being an educated person by her speech, etc." Not so harmless, however, was the case of a woman in South Dakota who was denied auto insurance when Equifax reported that she and her daughter held "moral standards and habits which may not be accepted standards of society." The woman had bought a new car, despite the fact that she and her daughter were on welfare; the two of them were said by neighbors to entertain disreputable men. So the Equifax inspector assumed that she was a prostitute; in fact, she had just received a $6,000 inheritance.

Of course, Equifax wants such information because insurance companies consider it essential for underwriting decisions. A California study conducted in the late 1960s concluded, according to Angele Khachadour, chief counsel to the State Insurance Commissioner, that "nine out of 10 policy rejections were based on moral grounds" often bearing only the most tenuous connection to actuarial standards. The California legislature found the results sufficiently disturbing to pass a statute, in 1975, prohibiting insurance companies from discriminating on the grounds of sex, marital status, or sexual orientation (race is already excluded by federal law). Insurance companies, says Khachadour, rent the heavens when the bill was proposed, but no longer consider it a serious obstacle.

There is no denying the actuarial significance of some intimate personal information. Heavy drinking presents an obvious health risk; unmarried couples pose special problems for property insurance; and connections with organized crime may make your life more hazardous than that of a churchwarden (though unlawful activity has yet to be provably linked to shorter lifespan).

But Equifax is not constrained to produce, nor its customers to take into account, only that information which has provable risk value. A postmaster in New Bern, North Carolina, had a consolidated insurance policy canceled, and then lost his car registration and mortgage in rapid succession, when Equifax reported that his 18-year-old daughter was "running around" with boys, and that his business and personal reputation were "questionable."

A more open-minded underwriter might not care who is running around with whom. But this, of course, is the problem: Though underwriters like to think that their skills partake equally of actuarial inevitability and mysterious insight, prejudices may creep in the back door. "The last bastion of middle-class morality resides in the underwriting departments," opines a close observer of the industry. "And I think these guys take great glee in denying insurance to someone who has a loose lifestyle."

The threat to privacy posed by this line of inquiry is compounded by the source of the information. Insurance applicants are not told that their neighbors will be asked to cough up intimate details, and might be shocked to find that that is the case. Even Equifax concedes that neighbors don't know one another as well as they used to. And as privacy expert Alan Westin points out, "The fact that the next-door neighbor is angry that your dog urinates on the road can very often lead to a biased reply." Angele Khachadour goes even further. "The third-party interview should be flatly prohibited," she argues. "It's a reflection of the petty little problems that occur in any neighborhood."

Equifax has in fact been slightly decreasing its use of third-party interviews; but it does not consider such matters issues of privacy. "We do not feel that there is any invasion of privacy when someone applies for a benefit such as insurance or employment," says spokesman Hal Arnold. The insurance applicant strikes this bargain by signing a fine-print statement at the bottom of his policy application authorizing all medical or other individuals or institutions to hand over to the insurer "any and all information" pertaining to himself. Few people, however, sign such a statement with the expectation that friends and neighbors are going to be quizzed about their moral probity. A consumer reporting agency, unlike the FBI or a gossip columnist, cannot make inroads on your privacy until you have invited them to do so; but because that invitation is essentially unwitting, recent privacy legislation has sought to compel the insurer to explain what sort of information he plans to procure, and how.

Public concern over privacy, combined with a certain amount of introspection, has already begun to lead insurance companies away from consumer reporting agencies and from some of the information that they provide. A recent Harris poll found that a majority of insurance executives felt that they "should not have the right" to evaluations of an applicant's "moral character" or "lifestyle." Such large firms as Equitable Life Assurance Society and Mutual of Omaha have severed almost entirely their relationship with reporting agencies; Equitable no longer conducts third-party interviews without the specific authorization of the applicant. Premiums have not risen as a result, thus jeopardizing some of the hoary truisms of underwriting.

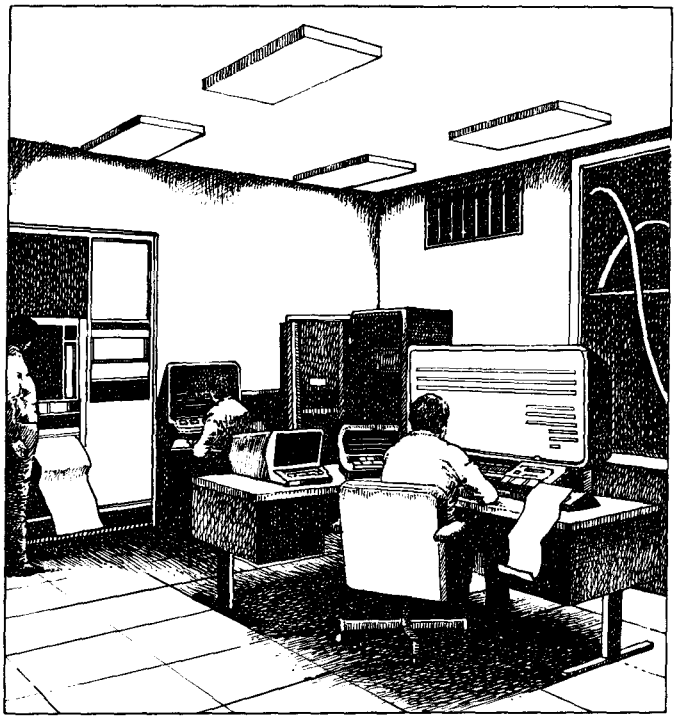
In fact, consumer reporting may eventually become obsolete, though underwriters have a major stake in its survival. Many members of the industry, as well as regulators, see a trend away from third-party information, and toward the sort of simplified data—not necessarily less intimate—that can be reduced to computer language. "The investigation of the future," says one underwriter, "would be nothing more than a direct interview with the applicant." Of course, such a change would not abolish the privacy problems associated with consumer reporting. Instead of posing the old-fashioned threats to privacy, like slander and intrusion and misrepresentation, consumer reporting would graduate to the more subtle, less tangible level of encroachment associated with computer technology and embodied most clearly in Equifax's second major line of business, credit reporting.

THE LABYRINTHINE INTERCONNECTION of sources and consumers of credit information, as well as the sophistication of the technology that links them, renders the subject almost hopelessly unwieldy. But the system can be sketchily described, and the privacy hazards outlined. This will not be a tale of Equifax. Its credit reporting affiliate, Credit Bureau, Inc. of Georgia (Credit Bureau, Inc. of Montreal pretty much runs the show in Canada) is distinguished from its competitors only by having preceded

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Equifax Services into the clutches of the FTC. An anti-trust action forced CBI to divest branches in California, Washington, Idaho, and Washington, D.C. The FTC also forbade the company to acquire any new credit reporting branches without Commission approval through 1988, though the ruling is still under appeal.

Credit reporting differs from consumer reporting in the kind of information it seeks, the way in which the information is collected and transmitted, and the variety of customers that



SUSANNAH KELLY

it serves. Since credit bureaus are concerned solely with information pertaining to a person's credit and financial standing, they have relatively little use for the "moral character" assessments pursued by consumer reporters (though they do dabble in arrest records, divorce, and bankruptcy). These facts are obtained less from the consumer himself, though he gets the ball rolling by applying for credit, than from other credit bureaus and credit grantors. This information is then stored in databanks and routed among the various interested parties by computer.

A roll-call of these parties provides a telling reminder of the number and variety of information relationships we enter into almost daily. The Associated Credit Bureaus, Inc., the industry trade group, lists 24 categories of customer, including automobile dealers, banks, department stores, insurers, medical-care providers, national credit-card companies, oil companies, mail-order houses, real-estate agents, utilities, government agencies, and collection agencies. The credit bureau acts as their clearinghouse. They routinely forward information on creditors to the bureau, which, in turn, sends them data on specific customers for as little as $1.50 per request. Privacy expert Robert Ellis Smith contends that the price is further discounted for companies that provide large quantities of information; but this could not be confirmed.

For all their flawless, implacable computers, credit bureaus still depend on human beings to introduce data into the system and consequently still suffer from human error. The wrong punch on a console can lead to a revocation of credit or a failure to grant it in the first place. But oddly enough, the efficiency of the system poses a greater threat to privacy than do its malfunctions.

The system was designed with the user in mind. It provides him with an immediate record of your income, credit performance, occupation, outstanding debts, lawsuits, and so on. It may become recalcitrant, however, when faced with such non-routine information as a correction supplied by a customer. You might, for example, refuse to pay a creditor owing to a dispute over shoddy merchandise. The dispute would be entered as such in your credit record, and credit grantors could not base an adverse decision on it (a restriction only brought into being by the 1975 passage of the Fair Credit Billing Act). But employers or insurers or government agencies could. The delinquent payment becomes part of your record, while your explanation for the dispute, unless you happen to know your rights, may not. A perfectly reasonable dispute thus proliferates throughout the information system as a failure on your part, perhaps to be used as a black mark against you at a future date.

This single flaw—the inability of a correction or dispute to chase down your record through the byways of the databank—illustrates a disturbing problem embedded in the credit reporting system, one that is qualitatively different from the dangers inherent in consumer reporting. The sheer complexity of the system defeats the consumer. He could at least confront his accuser were Equifax to hand in a flawed report; but were CBI to do so, the error would be rapidly broadcast to credit-card companies, retailers, credit authorizers (who keep track of your running account), insurers, and the like. As the Privacy Protection Study Commission report concluded, "The impact of computerization is great, both as it affects the incidence and propagation of record-keeping errors, and as it affects an innocent victim's power to mitigate the adverse consequences of such errors in situations where it is not always assumed that the customer knows best."

The collection of irrelevant data becomes a far more complex matter when that data may have so many destinations. Bankruptcy information is crucial to a credit grantor; but is it to an insurer? Most credit bureaus double as collection agencies; whatever information they gain from credit grantors or other sources in the course of a collection procedure they may retain and disseminate. As a further twist, collection agencies sometimes try to scare the delinquent by threatening that information may be obtained through personal interviews with neighbors, friends, or others with whom you are acquainted. This double whammy holds out the promise of disclosing your financial straits to your neighbors as well as picking up the usual tidbits from them.

Collection agencies are not the only noncreditors hooked into the databank. Insurance companies can gather a great deal of routine information—name, address, occupation—by a quick sweep through credit records. Employers consider financial stability and credit-worthiness as grist for a hiring decision. Government agencies, the IRS and the FBI foremost among them, use the system to track down real or supposed malefactors. Warrants or subpoenas are legally required, but, as credit bureaus have testified, rarely demanded. Credit reporting is anything but a closed system.

The difficulty of controlling personal information represents the most modern derangement of the privacy right. It was almost a century ago that Louis Brandeis argued that the right to maintain one's property inviolate should be extended to the personality itself. Now, implicit in the contentions of latter-day privacy advocates is the recognition that personal information constitutes a further extension of property. Our privacy is thus violated by our inability to control this information, even if it was obtained without ever disturbing us personally, or any of our friends or enemies. It may not be too fanciful to say that an unwarranted disclosure of data comprises a form of trespassing.

EQUIFAX'S NEWEST LINE of business, the processing of medical records, may be the sleeper of the information industry. The company describes it as a "potentially high-volume, high-profit market," and anticipates the passage of a national health-insurance program as a gift from

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heaven. The medical bureaucracy is growing in leaps and bounds, and Equifax, with its sophisticated computer capacity, will be a likely candidate for its paperwork.

Medical records are, of course, the most sensitive documents compiled about an individual in the normal course of his life. Psychiatric treatment, sexual problems, nervous disorders, and any casual observations or impressions that a doctor wants to record, become part of your medical record. Recognizing the delicacy of the situation, Equifax has safeguarded its computer system to make sure that only qualified personnel have access and to prevent the information from leaking over to the consumer-reporting side.

Credit bureaus depend on human beings to introduce data into the system and consequently suffer from human error.

But Equifax itself has already proven the vulnerability of medical records. The company's Underwriting Medical History operation serves as a courier for medical information required by an insurer. Until 1972, this sensitive data made its way straight into the personal files, to be used as a "tip" in a later inspection. Over the next three years—with the FTC investigation in progress—Equifax tightened up its procedures until medical information was effectively sealed off from the field representative. But owing to the blanket authorization that you sign at the bottom of your insurance application, a copy of which Equifax receives, company employees can still obtain your entire medical file from doctors and hospitals. They just can't include it in a subsequent report. Although concern over the confidentiality of medical records has stanched the flow of such information more firmly than has been the case elsewhere, medical data may very well prove one of the major preoccupations of privacy advocates in the future.

THE PERSONAL-INFORMATION industry was set up to serve the individual as consumer, not as private person. In exchange for credit, insurance, or employment, the individual agrees to surrender some personal data. Only recently have people realized that, in agreeing to this bargain, the consumer may have sacrificed something of the private person. The remedies now being proposed are thus an attempt to reassert the rights of the private person without sacrificing the needs of the consumer.

The legislative protections that exist at present place most of the burden on the consumer himself. For example, the Fair Credit Reporting Act, passed in 1970, permits you to request the "nature and substance" of a file from a consumer reporting agency or credit bureau. But even in the case of an adverse decision, you must be the one to initiate the request, and no one need explain to you the actual reason for the rejection. Should you enter into a dispute with a creditor, you have the right to enter your side of the argument in the credit record—but only if you cite the FCRA, and not the Fair Credit Billing Act, which has permitted you to record the existence of the argument in the first place. You do have to sign an authorization to set the information process in motion—but the authorization provides no explanation of what this process consists of.

The first generation of privacy laws thus gave the consumer some of the tools of self-protection; the second will enable him to wield them. The Carter administration has drafted, and will soon be sending to subcommittee, a legislative package covering an individual's relation with a credit bureau, consumer reporting agency, creditor, insurance company, financial institution, and independent authorization service. Though the bills differ from one another in significant details, they are designed along the same lines. The consumer of information is required to inform the individual, soon after he applies for whatever benefit is involved, of the kinds of data that will be gathered, the kinds of third-party sources who will be consulted, and the institutions to which the data may be later disclosed. The gatherer is enjoined from using, and the user from authorizing, pretext interviews (a practice now dying out, but still common among claims inspectors and private-detection agencies like Pinkerton). Files, and not just their "nature and substance," must be shown to the consumer upon request. Consumers must be notified of the specific reasons for adverse decisions by the organization responsible for making them. Should a dispute arise, the individual must have the right to get his side in, a reinvestigation must be quickly conducted, and, should the individual be vindicated, the news must make its way around the information network. The consumer's file will not be disclosed without his permission, save for certain legal or statistical purposes. And the bills authorize civil actions for violations of these strictures.

The total impact of the legislation would be to shift the burden of privacy protection from the victim to the potential victimizer, a goal that privacy advocates enthusiastically support. But the bills are by no means assured of passing through Congress intact, or at all. Since few congressmen have strong feelings or directions on the issue, the power of lobbying may be intensified. Equifax managed to kill a previous FCRA amendment in 1974. The company states, in its usual taciturn fashion, that it has "some problems" with the new legislation. While credit bureaus can be expected to tender their unenthusiastic support for the bills, with some changes, creditors, especially small ones, may balk at the paperwork. The insurance industry has avoided all forms of federal regulation until now, and the more conservative Midwestern firms continue to look on regulation as one of the ten plagues. But more progressive Northeastern firms may counter their influence.

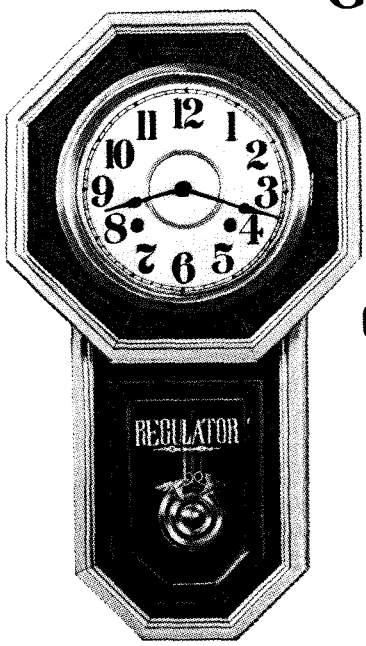
The legislation may also be deficient in certain respects. The FCRA grants credit bureaus and consumer reporting agencies the same immunity from libel prosecution as publications enjoy, a compromise that proved necessary to overcome industry hostility. This immunity, which greatly increases the difficulty of legal action, will not be challenged. Nor will information-gatherers be restricted to demonstrably relevant inquiries, owing to the difficulty of compassing a working definition of relevance. While Equifax and its customers may be daunted by increased public access to information, as well as the greater threat of civil action, they will suffer from no legal constraint to change either the questions that they ask or their manner of getting answers to them. They will still be able to ask your neighbor if your reputation is questionable.

Finally, there is only just so much that we can do about the Pandora's Box of computerization. We can make the computer responsive not only to payments but to disputes, and perhaps we can find ways of pooling information so that our entire credit record can be gathered when we wish it to be. But technology outstrips the pace of legislation. Computers get bigger and faster and more inextricably linked with their brethren. The record of our lives hurries further and further away along forking electronic pathways. The recent Harris poll alluded to earlier found that fully one-third of the public feels that we are very close to, or have already reached, the state of affairs described by George Orwell in *1984*. This may be, as information industry executives claim, an opinion founded on ignorance. It is surely a melodramatization. But it does indicate a sense of constriction in the world's most open society, a feeling of close barriers, and, above all, a fear of powerlessness before the vast institutions that shape our lives, and seem to know more about us than we do ourselves.◉

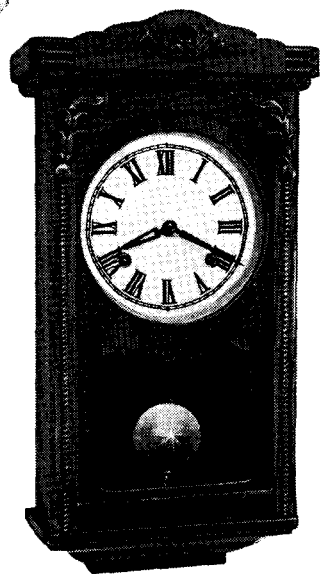
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Four of America's Last Great Antique Buys!

Genuine Circa 1900 Antiques. When they're gone, they're gone forever.

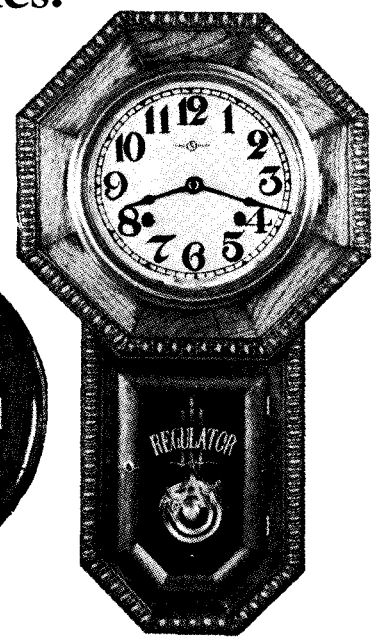


The Original Schoolhouse Clock
$115.00



The Parlor Clock
$85.00
(Approx. 20″H, 9½″W, 4″D)

The Round-Top Schoolhouse Clock
$120.00



The Fancy Schoolhouse Clock
$135.00

We urge you to take heed. These are truly the last of the Great Old Clocks. At our low price, you may never see these values again. Authentic circa 1900 antique schoolroom clocks, the kind that once ticked happily away in the front parlours, general stores and one-room schools of America's childhood. Lovingly restored and in 100% running order. Each is unique—yours will be numbered, registered to your family or whomever you designate and accompanied by a handsome Certificate of Age and Ownership (suitable for framing). Order now, to avoid disappointment. When these clocks are gone, they're gone forever.

- Certificate of age, authenticity and ownership.
- Fully re-conditioned 8-day keywind movement, brass pendulum, key. Counts each hour in deep, melodic tones.
- Finely polished and carefully restored hardwood case, approx. 22″ H, 13″ W, 4½″ D.
  (Clocks will vary slightly in trim and wood tone.)
- Sturdily cartoned and shipped to you UPS insured.

Pony Express System, 2986 Navajo St., Yorktown, N.Y. 10598
FOR FASTER SERVICE ON CREDIT CARD ORDERS
call (914) 248-7031 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. (E.D.T.)
Visit our Showroom, just 1 hour from N.Y.C.

Pony Express System
2986 Navajo St., Dept. SR-820, Yorktown, N.Y. 10598

Gentlemen: Please send me the following clock(s) (state qty.):

___ The Original Schoolhouse Clock *(Style 11)* @ $115.00
___ The Parlor Clock *(Style 18)* @ $85.00
___ The Round-Top Schoolhouse Clock *(Style 14)* @ $120.00
___ The Fancy Schoolhouse Clock *(Style 12)* @ $135.00

Choice of ☐ Arabic or ☐ Roman Numerals. (Add $8.50 for each insured delivery.)
If these clocks are to be Gift orders, please attach a separate sheet of paper stating the name the clock is to be registered to, and name and address for shipment. We will enclose a gift card at your request. On multiple orders, be sure to specify who gets which clock.

My check is enclosed for $_____ (N.Y. State residents add 5% tax.)
I prefer to charge my (check one)
☐ Master Charge ☐ VISA ☐ American Express
Account No._____ Expiration Date_____
Signature_____
Mr./Ms._____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Satisfaction Guaranteed

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Privacy and the Press
Is Nothing Sacred?

by Nat Hentoff

Defenders of the personal information industry are fond of pointing out that the press is no more solicitous of privacy rights than they are. And they're right. Most journalists, feeling that all privacy rights tumble before the First Amendment, feel no compunction about adopting pretexts for interviews, or printing intimate information of dubious value.

FOR SEVERAL years, I have taught a course on investigative reporting at New York's New School for Social Research. Many of the students and nearly all the guest experts are journalists. I ask each guest if there is anything he or she would *not* do to get a story. Most react as if they had never even thought of the question before. They have simply taken it for granted that a diligent journalist may—and indeed, must—get the news by whatever means are necessary.

I ask these reporters if they would bug and wiretap an uncooperative subject. Would they disguise their identities and infiltrate the subject's business or even family? The answer usually is affirmative, proudly so. After all, in order to satisfy "the people's right to know"—the basic credo of our calling—a reporter has to be uncommonly resourceful, daringly inventive.

Outside of class, other journalists tell me of secret grand jury minutes that they have somehow obtained and printed. This, mind you, before the person being investigated by the grand jury has been indicted. What about the presumption of his innocence? Because he has been brought before the grand jury, I am told, he is news and that's all that ultimately counts.

My own maverick view is that journalists are second only to the state in their imperiling of individual privacy. They often act like undercover cops and sometimes like righteously aggressive prosecutors. It is a citizen's right, for example, not to speak to the press; but a "no comment" almost invariably leads the reporter to assume guilt. That assumption having been made, the reporter feels free to "get" the silent citizen. If I were recruiting for the FBI these days, I would surely canvass the press for prospects.

What most disturbs me is that exceedingly few journalists see anything wrong with this way of doing their job. They apparently forget, for one thing, that the First Amendment is a shield, increasingly battered, against state interference with the press's functions. It was not intended to be a blunt instrument against individual citizens who would be strewn about in the wake of journalists gathering news. But most reporters think only of getting the story. The notion that they should be sensitive to individuals' privacy rights strikes them as a dangerous form of outside meddling with their special status. (Again, they react like cops.)

Justice William O. Douglas said in the tradition of Louis Brandeis that "the right to be let alone is the beginning of all freedom."

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

This is not to say that privacy should always be inviolate. Then we'd have nothing to read but press releases and shopping news. The privacy of Richard Nixon's White House was legitimately invaded because crimes were being committed there. Similarly, I have printed information about private meetings in and outside of municipal agencies because public lies were being concocted there.

On the other hand, years ago I did not print a tip from a cop that a legislator had been swept up in a dragnet raid of a homosexual bar. I knew his public record, and I saw no relevant relationship between that apparent aspect of his private life and what he did as a lawmaker. Conversely, I do think the Washington press has been remiss through the years in not naming those members of Congress who are manifestly drunk during the course of legislative business. That is news their constituents should surely have. But what about extramarital affairs? It depends on whether the liaison affects the public figure's public life. If the inamorata is on the payroll of, let's say, the Chilean government, and her friend is on the Foreign Relations Committee, that's legitimate news. And if a

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

President is an active satyr, the electorate ought to be told, if only on grounds of national security.

No clear line of judgment can be drawn in these matters, but reporters must at least be continually aware of a conflict between the colliding interests of privacy and the free flow of information. Instead the trend has been toward publishing just about anything that can be obtained, by whatever means. I am not, however, particularly concerned with the steamy proliferation of gossip in the nation's press, since no one gets into those columns unless they're renowned or notorious and indeed have worked at achieving such visibility. Accordingly, they have voluntarily given up much of their privacy.

What does greatly concern me are those private citizens who can be severely injured by needless press attention. Consider the printing of arrest records. News organizations have been fighting for years to get at that information. Their opponents, including the American Civil Liberties Union, maintain that there is no public need to know if someone has been arrested if the arrest has not resulted in a conviction. The vast majority of arrests do not. Why, then, if someone has been found innocent, subject him to public obloquy by publishing the fact that he was arrested? Yet in many states the press has won this dubious right.

In New York State, for instance, the law says that no employer, public or private, and no agency, can ask anyone if he's ever been arrested. Furthermore, anyone exonerated of a criminal charge can have his fingerprints expunged from all official records. The privacy of such individuals is thus safeguarded—except from the press, which can search out the arrest records and print them.

As an illustration of the press's zeal in these matters, there was a triumphant tour of Maine last October by a task force of 100 reporters testing the state's "right-to-know" law. Marching into local police stations, they demanded to see the complete records of the most recent arrests. (Not convictions, arrests.) Out of 111 police stations, 99 complied entirely. One of the tiny minority of officers defending privacy rights was the sole cop in the town of New Gloucester. He told the posse that he hadn't arrested anybody during the past four years, but if he had, those records would be out-of-bounds to reporters. As they should be.

Similarly, there have been moves in some states to seal juvenile records and accounts of certain misdemeanors committed by adults. If the once and former defendants don't get into any more trouble, the slate is wiped clean. This too offends the press, which insists that every record should be open and publishable. Otherwise, how can vigilant reporters keep a check on the criminal justice system?

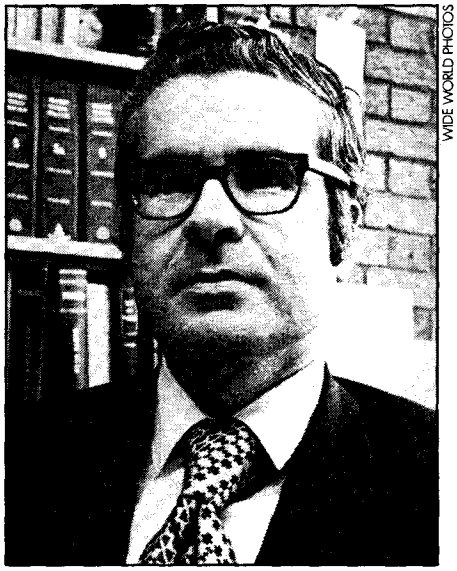
Arthur Miller, an expert on privacy and a professor at Harvard Law School, states:

> Vigorous and diligent reporters can effectively monitor the criminal justice system without examining the records of those who have paid their debt to society, who have met the stringent conditions of the statutes, and who deserve a second chance. If we believe in rehabilitation...then we must tolerate some risks. We should permit some people to reenter the mainstream of society by eliminating the social and vocational ostracism associated with an ancient record that does not reflect their present worth. How can you quarrel with the principle of sealing the record of a youthful peccadillo which has never been repeated?

Much of the press eagerly does quarrel with that principle, as with the principle that the names of people on welfare should not be published. But what is the point of doing that, except to embarrass those on the rolls? The public is entitled to know the cost of welfare and the percentage of the population being aided. But not the individual names.

The press's mania for going after just about everything is not unlike the sleuthing habits of the FBI, other government agencies, and insurance companies—all of whom are criticized by much of the press for invading privacy. Now, however, as *the press* is being recognized as one of the more fearsome enemies of privacy, there is some movement toward trying to legislate journalists into becoming "responsible." Professor Arthur Miller, for instance, speaks darkly, if unspecifically, of "a re-examination of the favored position currently enjoyed by the press."

Harvard law professor Arthur Miller speaks darkly of "a re-examination of the favored position currently enjoyed by the press."



WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Wherever that "corrective" route might lead would be worse than the disease, for it would necessarily involve weakening the First Amendment even further than has the present Supreme Court. Although Justice William O. Douglas said in the tradition of Louis Brandeis that "the right to be let alone is indeed the beginning of all freedom," he also persistently maintained that the First Amendment cannot be balanced. I am also largely of that view. Even if I were not, I cannot conceive of any "privacy" strictures on what the press can print—or additions to present punishments for what is published—that would not be subject to crippling abuse by the state. To make the press "responsible" in this way is to paralyze it.

In terms, however, of *how* privacy is sometimes invaded by journalists, there are already laws that can be applied without violating the First Amendment. If, without color of law, a journalist breaks into an apartment to snatch diaries or other such material, he can and ought to be charged, just like an errant FBI agent, with breaking and entering. If he unlawfully wiretaps, he should be punished for breaking relevant the law.

But what of those invasions of privacy that occur without crimes being committed? Visiting notoriety, for instance, upon a public official's son for living with another man. Is all privacy to be lost to the families of newsworthy figures? And what of the continuing, quasi-religious crusade of the press to be allowed to poke into all kinds of dossiers, from everyone's arrest records to reckless driving charges (later dismissed) against a public official?

I have no confident answer. The press as a whole is no more likely to become more humane on its own, than bill-collecting agencies. When I most despair of the majority of journalists ever growing less reckless about the privacy of everyone else, I think that it might be grandly therapeutic—though contrary to the spirit of this article—if one paper in a city would subject reporters and editors at another paper to exactly this kind of privacy-shredding. That is, headlining the extramarital affairs and ancient arrest records of some of these journalists. The experience could greatly concentrate the victims' minds on privacy when next they went on assignment.

Nat Hentoff is a staff writer for the Village Voice *and the* New Yorker. *His new book,* The First Freedom: A Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America *(Delacorte Press) is due in September.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Book Burning in the Heartland

by Stephen Arons

WARSAW, INDIANA, is a staid, seemingly healthy, middle-class town where most Americans would feel at home—hardly a likely place for an attack of political hysteria. But in 1977 and 1978, Warsaw suffered a massive seizure of anti-intellectualism that nearly exhausted the good will and common sense of its residents and left the town shaking. By the time the crisis had passed, five books had been banned, three teachers had been fired, the student newspaper had been eliminated, nine literature courses had been cut from the curriculum, and local senior citizens had offered their "vote of thanks" to the censors with a parking-lot bonfire fed by gasoline and high-school texts.

Warsaw's problems are typical of American cities in which the public schools are increasingly becoming a battleground in a struggle over social, political, and family values. As censorship spreads, parents, students, teachers, and librarians have turned for help to the federal courts, where the national question is whether the defense of First Amendment rights can slow the spread of intolerance.

The pressure of so many suits around the country may eventually lead the Supreme Court to rule on the issue. In New York's Nassau County, for example, the Island Trees school district banned 11 books, including works by Malamud and Vonnegut, so that the school library would "reflect the values of society." The federal trial challenging these acts as unconstitutional ended in February 1978, but no decision has yet been rendered. In Forest Lake, Minnesota, just outside Minneapolis-St. Paul, the banning of Shirley Jackson's classic *The Lottery* has led to a federal suit supported by the state Civil Liberties Union. In Helena, Montana, Citizens for Freedom of Expression has mounted a federal court challenge to the school board's banning of *Our Bodies, Ourselves*. A state prosecutor who raised the specter of criminal charges against teachers or librarians giving the health book to any minor reportedly declared that "Americans have genuflected too long before the altar of the First Amendment." And in Shasta County, California, the Northern California Civil Liberties Union has initiated state litigation that challenges the banning of books by Richard Brautigan at Anderson Union High School.

In these and other cases, the use of the First Amendment to mediate conflicting values of parents and to uphold the right of free inquiry for students takes time, much more time than the spread of conflict. Time is on the side of intolerance in Warsaw, too, where the censorship controversy has ripened, but the courts have not yet made themselves felt.

Sitting among the flat fields of an agriculturally abundant northern Indiana county, halfway between South Bend and Fort Wayne, Warsaw is as industrial as its people are industrious. Next to Christian fundamentalism, its predominant ideology is the work ethic; and it has an unemployment rate of under 4 percent to show for its efforts. The country's largest manufacturer of orthopedic appliances, several foundries, a branch of the country's biggest printing firm, and a farm-implements producer provide many of the jobs for the town's 9,600 residents. In the last 20 years, the growth of these and other corporations has brought an influx of highly trained and professional people whose backgrounds are more urban and more urbane than long-time residents.

Several of the old-timers still remember that nearby Winona Lake was home—from 1910 to 1935—to the born-again ex-baseball player and evangelist, Billy Sunday. Sunday and the Christian fundamentalists that grew up around him and Warsaw were not comfortable with the encroachment of modernism, cities, sin, and the flabby moral relativism that they saw threatening the family structure, and they meant to wipe them out however they could.

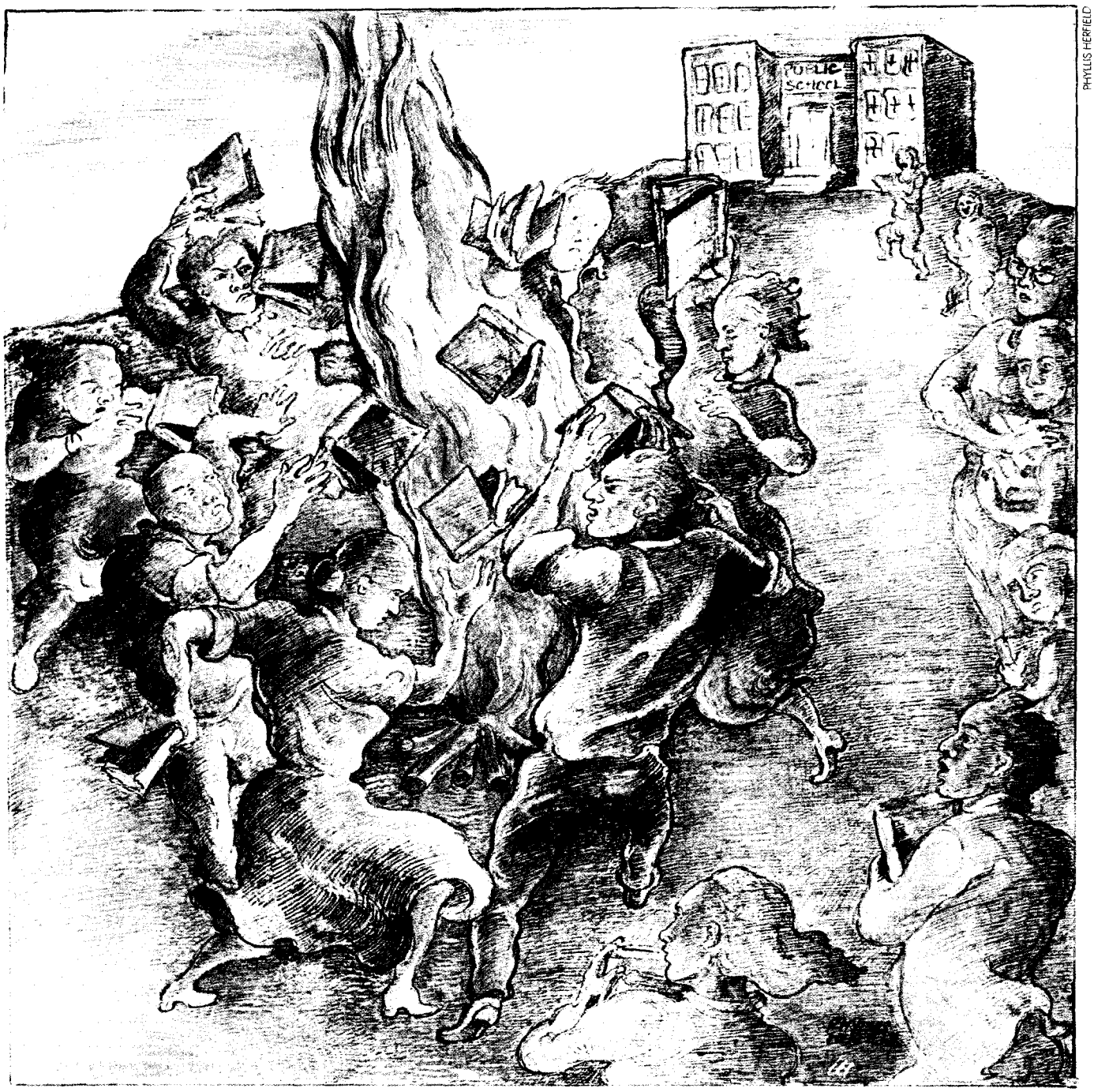
Sunday was proud to say that he converted people to Christ at "less than two dollars per soul." His success as an evangelist can be measured by the fact that by 1920 he was worth over $1.5 million and by the diamond studs and patent-leather shoes he sported as he called people to "come down the sawdust trail" and give themselves to Christ. The success of Warsaw can be measured by the fact that it has a thriving economy, more than a handful of multimillionaires, and only a few pockets of poverty.

For all its big business and big religion, however, Warsaw is a small town. One local executive described it as a place where "you know whose check is good and whose husband is not." It is a town of 36 churches and one bookstore. In that bookstore there is an abundant collection of pornographic magazines, but you cannot buy a copy of the *New Republic* because the demand is insufficient. The people of Warsaw do not have to lock their doors and do not fear to walk the streets at night, but they report that they are suffering from pervasive boredom. One life-long resident, who thinks the flatness of life is even more depressing to newcomers, observed that the censorship conflict created "something to do."

PRIOR TO 1977, Warsaw had a school system very much like others in the country which had responded to the liberalizing trend in the educational philosophy that grew out of the Sixties. The school board let the Superintendent run the schools without much interference or questioning. The school system, in turn, built up a modest diversity of literature electives at the high school, offered a values clarification course to older students, and set up a voluntary Individually Guided Education program in one of its nine elementary schools. In 1974, collective bargaining was legislatively granted to teachers in Indiana.

Then, shortly before spring of 19[illegible] the membership of the appointed school board became more conservative and more assertive about its power over the schools. On July 19, 1977, the board banned the textbook *Values Clarification*, which had been in use in an elective high-school course for two years. After a

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PHYLLIS HERFIELD

few minutes of reading selected exercises from the book, in which students are asked how they feel about topics such as divorce, marijuana, and premarital sex, the board passed a motion that called for the book to be "thrown out, removed, banned, destroyed, and forbidden to be used." The action was taken in direct violation of written policy requiring a review committee and superintendent's recommendation for removal of library or instructional materials. Two months later, the city's only newspaper, *Times-Union*, reported that the Warsaw Senior Citizens Club planned to obtain the banned *Values Clarification* texts and burn them.

On August 25, 1977, the school board, again without following its own procedures, unanimously ordered the discontinuation of elective high-school courses, including Black Literature, Gothic Literature, Science Fiction, Folklore and Legends, and Whatever Happened to Mankind? The action effectively eliminated the elective literature program and replaced it with vocabulary, grammar, and composition courses.

As the fall term began at Warsaw High School, Principal Smith called Teresa Burnau, an English teacher who had been assigned a Women in Literature course, to his office to discuss books she had ordered for her class. Smith forbade her to use *The Stepford Wives* and *Growing Up Female in America*, because "someone in the community might be offended" by their criticism of traditional roles for women.

Then in mid-October, the principal struck again, this time summoning Ms. Burnau to his office and ordering her to discontinue using *Go Ask Alice*, the anonymous and depressing diary of a teen-age girl whose involvement with drugs leads to her death. Smith banned the book because it contained obscenities. The elimination of *Go Ask Alice* was followed by a directive to all teachers to bring to the principal "any materials you have in your room that might be objectionable." Another English teacher, Arleen Miner, then brought in *Student Critic*, which had been in use for three years. It contained the words "hell" and "damn." Ms. Miner, unable to ink the words out, cut the offending pages from

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the books before returning them to her literary-criticism students.

As the school term moved toward Thanksgiving, Ms. Burnau found she was not permitted to use *The Bell Jar*, by Sylvia Plath. Although Ms. Burnau offered to secure permission slips from parents for use of the book and to assign a different book for those who found *The Bell Jar* objectionable, the book continued to be banned.

On December 15, the Senior Citizens Club made good on its promise and burned 40 copies of *Values Clarification* in a parking-lot ceremony. The president of the 200-member group defended himself against charges of evoking images of nazism by claiming that he was only carrying out his obligation to the club. Perhaps it was this action that encouraged one board member to quip, in defense of a ban on "objectionable materials," that teachers will "have no problem knowing the will of this community."

Having removed the offensive books, the board moved on to the teachers. On April 17, 1978, three teachers, including Ms. Burnau and Joann Dupont, secretary of the Warsaw Teachers' Union and outspoken critic of the board's policies, were notified that their contracts would not be renewed. No substantial criticism of teaching performance was made for the fired teachers.

After the teachers came the students. In late May, a student editorial criticizing the firing of Ms. Burnau and Ms. Dupont was published after the principal reversed an earlier refusal to allow it to be printed. The student newspaper was subsequently shut down, but students were allowed to submit articles to the *Times-Union* for publication. The owner of the *Times-Union*, Reub Williams, is a powerful figure in town, and he had strongly influenced the appointment of the four new school board members most vigorously pursuing censorship.

Just when it seemed the door had been shut on smut, Carl Davis, a concerned member of the community, read at a board meeting selections from *Go Ask Alice* even though the book was no longer in use. The excerpts, consisting of profanity and other street language, were printed verbatim by the *Times-Union*. For the next two weeks, editorials and letters condemning filthy language in school texts appeared regularly. On June 21, the paper ran a front-page story announcing the formation of People Who Care, an organization dedicated to removing "filthy, vulgar material from the classroom." The next day an ad paid for by an anonymous donor and soliciting support for People Who Care, Inc. appeared claiming that Warsaw teachers favored vulgar material in class.

The purpose of all this activity became clearer several days later when the Indiana Education Employment Relations Board began four days of hearings on unfair labor practices brought by the Warsaw Teachers' Union. The union had claimed that the unilateral elimination of books and courses violated the state labor law. An enormous number of townspeople attended and attempted to make it into a forum for discussing obscenity. The hearing examiner, Robert Lingenfelter, characterized the meeting, the longest in the state's history, as a "parallel to the Scopes Monkey Trial" of 1925, in which William Jennings Bryan and Clarence Darrow fought the battle of Genesis versus Darwinism in the steamy Tennessee town of Dayton. Lingenfelter credited the *Times-Union* with whipping

up a hysterical atmosphere that led, in his view, to "the obstruction of justice" by townspeople.

In an editorial appearing a week after the hearing, the *Times-Union* executive editor, William Mollenhour, fed the obstructionist tendency by revealing that "allied forces" had seized a copy of "Communist Rules for Revolution" in Dusseldorf in 1919 and that "50 [sic] years later the Reds are still following them." At the top of the list of rules was "Corrupt the young; get them away from religion, get them interested in sex. Make them superficial; destroy their ruggedness." After the hearing, political pressures were brought to bear on the governor and other state officials to get them to intervene in the legal process and influence Lingenfelter's decision.

Some residents of Warsaw claim that the conflict over the control of students' minds lay dormant this past winter, like the fertile fields of wheat and soybeans that surround the town. But in early spring, four suits were filed in federal district court in Indiana challenging the censorship. One of the suits, *Zykan* v. *Warsaw Community School Corporation*, was brought by a 17-year-old high-school student on behalf of herself and other like-minded students. Ms. Brooke Zykan challenged the school board's actions in "prohibiting teachers from using certain books and ordering the removal of certain courses." The class-action suit asks a restoration of books and courses and the requirement that a fair and reasonable process be used by the board in any future censorship decisions. The basis of the suit is the First Amendment right of free inquiry and the right of academic freedom and open expression. According to the Civil Liberties Union lawyer representing the students, Joseph Bauer, professor of law at nearby Notre Dame, the central question in the suit is "whether a school board has a right to remove books and courses and fire teachers because they are inconsistent with the board's social and political values."

The claim that the U.S. Constitution applies in Warsaw has generated the early signs of the same hysteria that built up over the presence of dirty words in books and the appearance of labor arbitrators in Warsaw in 1978. At least one family involved in the suit received two anonymous and obscene letters addressed "Dear smut peddlers" and inviting them to get out of town and "take your smutty family and your rotten concepts along with you."

Although People Who Care has found the antismut angle a successful headline grabber and a useful tool for winning battles in Warsaw, the members and their supporters, estimated at between 400 and 1,800, are not primarily concerned about obscenity. Like Billy Sunday, who gave up professional baseball, drinking, swearing, and gambling for the scriptural faith of fundamentalism, many of these people feel their traditional family values are threatened and at risk of decay. And like Billy Sunday, they are as articulate as they are vehement about the preservation and extension of their views.

At an informal meeting of People Who Care in April, one man, a mechanical engineer, preached the group's view using Solzhenitsyn's Harvard commencement speech on the spiritual exhaustion of the West as his text. "The issue of censorship and propriety of books," the concerned citizen said, is "but one brush fire, which is part of a potential prairie fire seeking to engulf the United States and the world." The rise of women's liberation and schools that will not support fundamentalist values of authority and family hierarchy must share the blame for this prairie fire. "Children seek the parent to restrain them," the statement continues. "A woman inherently seeks for man to be in authority over her and man seeks God to be in authority over him. It is not a question of equality ... it is a required condition for a stable society." As appreciative comments circulated

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

© 1979 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

The Vantage Point
Where great taste and low tar meet.

Great taste once belonged only to high tar cigarettes. Not any more. The secret? The specially designed Vantage filter works together with our rich "Flavor Impact"™ tobacco blend to deliver satisfying flavor in every puff. That's Vantage. Low tar with a uniquely satisfying taste. And that's the point.

Regular, Menthol and Vantage 100's

PRODUCED 2005 BY UN2.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

around the room, it became clear why Teresa Burnau and the books in the Women in Literature course were banned in Warsaw.

Conversations with numerous Warsaw residents indicate that authority is a central issue in these people's lives—authority of men over women, of fundamentalism over secular humanism, of the school board over the teachers, of the family over the school board, and of the parents over the children. At bottom, these people sense that their value system is seriously threatened, and some Warsaw parents are willing to tolerate censorship, obstruction of legal process, and destruction of teaching careers. The excesses to which apparently well-meaning people in Warsaw have been led—scripted by the local media and played out in school board shouting matches and circus-like hearings, and through old-fashioned intimidation—have created a climate of fear that has chilled the exercise of freedoms of speech, press, and inquiry and effectively suspended the First Amendment in Warsaw.

There are, in fact, many parents in Warsaw who oppose the actions of the school board and look to the federal district court to overturn them. But these dissenting parents feel they cannot afford to speak out. One woman said she would like to support the high-school students' suit but that if she did, her husband's business would be ruined. The religious faction, she said, "seems to have great power over what is done and said." A professional who hoped for some sort of compromise pointed out that "obviously there's a lot of power being wielded here and your career can be ruined if you talk about it." What most people were afraid to talk about was that much of this power was being wielded by the owner of the newspaper.

If fear has neutralized community support for the plaintiffs and for freedom of speech, it has cast a pall on the high-school faculty and converted academic freedom into bureaucratic order. As a result of the campaign of censorship, one English teacher has seen a growth of self-imposed censorship and paranoia among teachers. The view is seconded by students who say that the high school has some very gifted teachers but "it is too bad they're so scared they can't let their talents out." One teacher remarked in her class in late spring that she could not comment on a student question because she "might get fired" if she did. Within hours her remark had been reported to the superintendent, who thought it was inappropriate to say such things in the classroom. Not only is there fear; there is fear of discussing fear.

High-school students in Warsaw are the people who suffer most from the restrictions placed on teachers, school books, and curriculum. The dozen students I spoke with described the change in their high school over the past two years as an experience of being "dragged down" intellectually and being personally bullied and intimidated when taking any action to change things. Although they freely acknowledge that some students support the school board, they claim "there are many more on our side than anybody really thinks." Intercoms were described as two-way listening devices for administrative surveillance of teachers and students, continuing censorship of yearbook production and of reading materials was alleged, and personal and locker searches by police dogs were related. All the students in one

lively discussion of the school agreed that it is as "bad as *The Scarlet Letter*." None had ever discussed the First Amendment, the function of civil liberty in America, or historical threats to liberty such as McCarthyism, or the red scares of the 1920's in any history class.

For all their spirited resentment of having their education become the pawn of a local social struggle, these students went out of their way to show that they did not disrespect their parents though they differed strongly with some of their fundamentalist views. Many had read at least one of the banned books and did not see what all the fuss was about. But they felt they could not be any more public or energetic about their own interests. "My parents," said one 17-year-old girl, "tell me not to get involved. They say 'we have to live in this community!'" An 18-year-old seemed to see how she too might become a fearful parent and support intimidation and condone hysteria. "If you don't go to college, and you stay here for a year, Warsaw will get its claws in you and you'll never leave."

The school Superintendent, Dr. Charles Bragg, also has been swept along by the fear of public accusation and by the polarizing irrationality of conflict over orthodoxy. As he focuses on the competing values of those who struggle to have themselves declared the majority that rules the schools, he becomes uncomfortable and confused: "I am a traditional person. I am a progressive. I just want the education that is best for the kids." The hysteria in town has removed the possibility of diversity or compromise, and Bragg knows that his own survival depends on knowing who speaks for the mean in Warsaw.

The hysteria over smut in Warsaw's schools has become a cover beneath which personal and political agendas can be carried out, political bases can be created or destroyed, and insecurities about modern life vented. Warsaw is an anti-union town in which the teachers' union is new and disliked by management. The obscenity-in-schools struggle has been used to weaken the teachers' union, split it, and cover up the arbitrary firing of teachers. One local politician who campaigned to create an elective school board pinpointed this aspect of the power struggle in an ad that read, "The current thinly disguised union-busting activities promoted by the local media monopoly have ruined the careers of several very capable teachers while forcing others out of the community."

Beneath all this, it is politics as usual in Warsaw. The town has been run for years, according to several insistently anonymous residents, by one man, the owner of the local radio station and newspaper. By orchestrating a combination of school-board appointments, media blitz, and citizens groups unaware of whose interests they serve, his center of power has been preserved and increased to include the schools, while People Who Care is given the feeling that they have won some influence over children's education.

Whether unwittingly used or not, the sincerity of the beliefs of People Who Care is no less than those of their opponents. But in the flush of what appears to be a successful bid to take over the schools, they have lost touch with the fact that their beliefs are no more worthy than those of other parents. Asked what a school board should do when confronted with two groups of parents whose values and beliefs are diametrically op-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

posed, one member of People Who Care answered in a single breath, "Let the majority rule. No problem. School decisions should be based on the absolutes of Christian behavior." He could not see himself in the minority, as fundamentalists in most parts of America are. This assumption that schooling decisions are the province of the majority has made possible, perhaps even made inevitable, the hysteria in Warsaw and in the increasing number of other places wracked by censorship struggles.

AS THE LIST of banned books around the country grows, adding authors like Malamud, Kesey, Vonnegut, Salinger, and Plath to the works of Charles Darwin, the right of free inquiry is increasingly under attack. Nationwide organizations, such as Education Analysts of Longview, Texas, have been formed to foster censorship; and increasing numbers of federal suits are filed to resist censorship. Eventually the Supreme Court will have to address the issue. A year ago, William Jenkinson, chairman of the Committee Against Censorship of the National Council of Teachers of English, rated Warsaw as being "in the forefront of all censorship cases the country has ever seen." After researching his upcoming book, *Censors in the Classroom: The Mindbenders*, Jenkinson sees Warsaw as simply "reflective of what's going on all over the country." The wave of book burning in schools and libraries has increased recently to the point where Judith Krug, the director of the American Library Association's Office of Intellectual Freedom, calls it the "most massive, vicious, and sophisticated" censorship since McCarthyism of the 1950s.

Parents cannot be expected to relinquish the fundamental liberty to raise and educate their children according to their own values, but the majoritarian organization of public schools prevents the diversity and parent choice that would make such liberty equally available to all. The lesson that may be learned from the Warsaw school struggle is the same lesson the Supreme Court offered a quarter century ago in striking down the compulsory flag salute in schools:

> Probably no deeper division of our people could proceed from any provocation than from finding it necessary to choose what doctrine and whose program public educational officials shall compel youth to unite in embracing. . . . Compulsory unification of opinion achieves only the unanimity of the graveyard.

It is majority control of public schooling that makes choices of educational doctrine inevitable and satisfaction of First Amendment principles impossible.

Stephen Arons, an attorney and professor of legal studies, frequently contributes to Saturday Review.

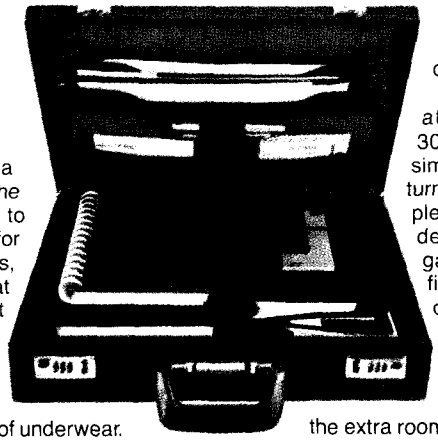
A luxury leather attache that e-x-p-a-n-d-s two extra inches

GENUINE LEATHER

We'll be amazed if you can find one for less than $200.00 anywhere else.

Handcrafted, of the finest leather, with solid brass hinges, two solid brass combination locks, leather release straps and five fitted, leather-trimmed, legal-size compartments, this expanding attache is as practical as it is handsome. A case you'll carry with pride. Use for years.

And it's about half the price of comparable quality leather attaches without the expanding feature.



From Trim to Roomy

So, you'll have a standout leather attache — light, sleek, easy to carry. A slim, perfect for your everyday needs, 3¾-inches wide. That expands in an instant by 50% to give you plenty of room for bulky files, literature and samples, even an extra shirt and change of underwear.

"The convenience is unbeatable. There's room for everything I have to carry without carrying a case any bigger than I absolutely need," Bob Dickenson, Director of Marketing, the Lehigh Press, Inc.

"A great combination of luxury and utility. It's hard to believe an attache commands so much attention and gets so many compliments." Howard Rothschild, Sales Manager, Datafold Computer Forms, Inc.

Priced Below Wholesale

The leather is calfskin. Smooth grained, soft and supple. If you know leather, you know this is the top grade. The color's Traditional Tan, warm and rich. The price is an extraordinary **$99.00** which is below wholesale for a genuine leather attache of comparable quality.

Douglas Dunhill is one of the oldest, largest-volume mail merchandisers. We control the manufacture, do business without salesmen, wholesalers or retailers — eliminating all these costs.

More, we'll send the attache to you on a 30-day trial basis, with simple directions for returning it to us for a complete refund if you're not delighted with the bargain, completely satisfied with the quality and convenience.

Check your attache. If it doesn't look as good as it should, step up to the best. With the extra room you so often need . . . and the luxury look that improves with age.

Call **toll free** to charge it to any national credit card or send $99.00 plus $3.50 for shipping to Douglas Dunhill. (In Illinois include the sales tax.) Your satisfaction is guaranteed.

Call 800-621-5554

Illinois residents call 800-972-5858
(In operation 24 hours, 7 days a week)

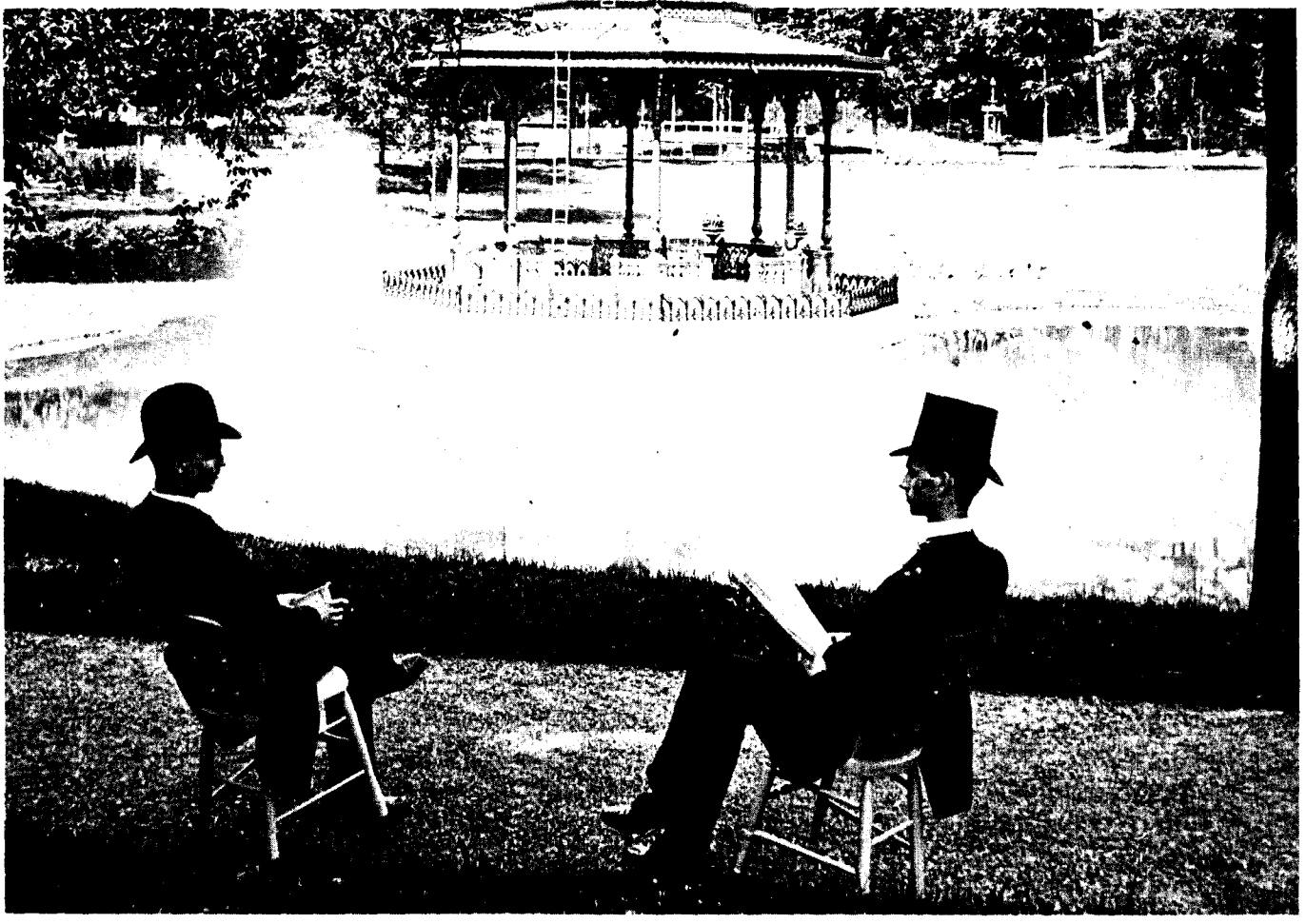
Douglas Dunhill INC. AFFORDABLE QUALITY
Dept. 49-5739
Ten Douglas Dunhill Drive, Oak Forest, IL 60452
© Douglas Dunhill Inc. 1979

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Hot-Weather Handbook

Even if there isn't enough mechanized energy to spin the air conditioner, there are many ways to maintain one's cool in this current overheated season: Go to a cool place. Chile, for instance, New Zealand, Labrador, Alaska. The frost-kissed list is endless. Eat cool comestibles, drink cool draughts of something. Lie in a hammock and read a book. Collapse on a greensward and listen to music. Preferably not Wagner's Magic Fire Music. Sit in an amphitheater and behold the dancers. Idle away the summer twilight in a canoe, holding a bamboo pole, and contemplate the mirror-surface of the lake. Finally, remember the renaissance of the fan, hand-held and hand-propelled. No addition to the Con Ed bill, very stylish, and more comforting than sitting on a floe. Short notices on how to do all of the above are on the pages that follow.

—Horace Sutton

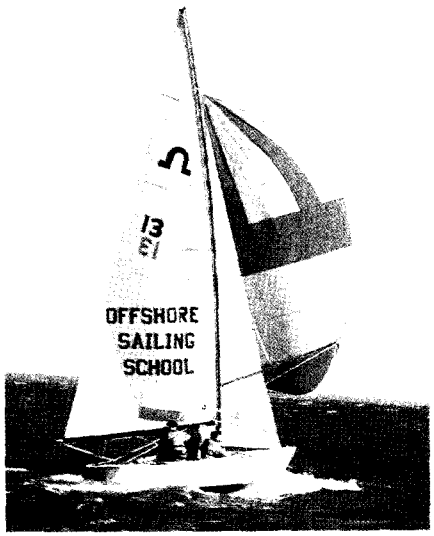


ON THE BOARDWALK at Atlantic City was only one of the places Americans paraded in the good old summertime. Long Branch in New Jersey, the White Mountains of New Hampshire, Newport, Bar Harbor, and Saratoga Springs were others. A fetching chronicle of those times, brimming with pictures, has been put together by Floyd and Marion Rinehart in their book, *Summertime* (Clarkson Potter, $14.95), published just in time for summertime 1979 when the livin' seems not nearly so easy as it was then. The dudes in the photo above (from the collection of George S. Bolster), who occupy a full page of the book, are taking their summer ease at Saratoga's Congress Park, a cool and quiet venue in which to contemplate music, art, and other lofty subjects. Saratoga became a favored watering hole in 1803, and is still in favor although it cannot guarantee belles who are, as they were then, "well-bred, well-moulded, and well-dressed."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Igloos & Other Summer Places

by Horace Sutton



Tyro sailors— "Weekend cram courses."

REMEMBRANCE OF SNOWS PAST? You'll find things white and frosty in Chile. The Hotel Portillo, 90 miles from Santiago, bills its ski season from now until October. It sits alone in a snow bowl, 9,400 feet above sea level, surrounded by a range that encompasses the 23,000-foot Mt. Aconcagua. Treeless slopes, 100 inches of July and August snow, seven lifts, an outdoor heated pool, Sun Valley style. Other resorts at Farellones, 31 miles from Santiago and at Lagunillas and Lo Valdez. The same Chilean winter brings the cultural season to Santiago, European style.

NEW-FOUND PLACE The first tourist was John Cabot who put out from Bristol, England, in 1497 and fetched up in Newfoundland. Well, he's the first recorded rubberneck. The Vikings may well have been here five centuries earlier. If you make it to St. John's you'll be at the North American city closest to Europe. Tour Avalon for empty beaches, fishing villages that call out for a camera, jig-fishing for cod, and serious angling for giant blue fin tuna. If you're still not cool enough, there is new boat service onwards to Labrador.

THE FROSTBITE FRONTIER If the heat really has you down, apply to Air Canada. One way or another they'll bundle you off to the Canadian Arctic. There are one-night excursions from major Canadian cities to Frobisher Bay or Inuvik. Summer temperature averages 50 degrees at Inuvik in the northwest corner of the Northwest Territories, but a July snowfall is not uncommon at Frobisher which sits on permafrost at the gateway to the Eastern Arctic. Also, there are eight-day tours of Baffin Island leaving Fridays from Montreal and Toronto, a weekly Wilderness Experience in the Arctic. Tent and bunkhouse living in the Auyuittuq National Park. Well, it ain't Yellowstone.

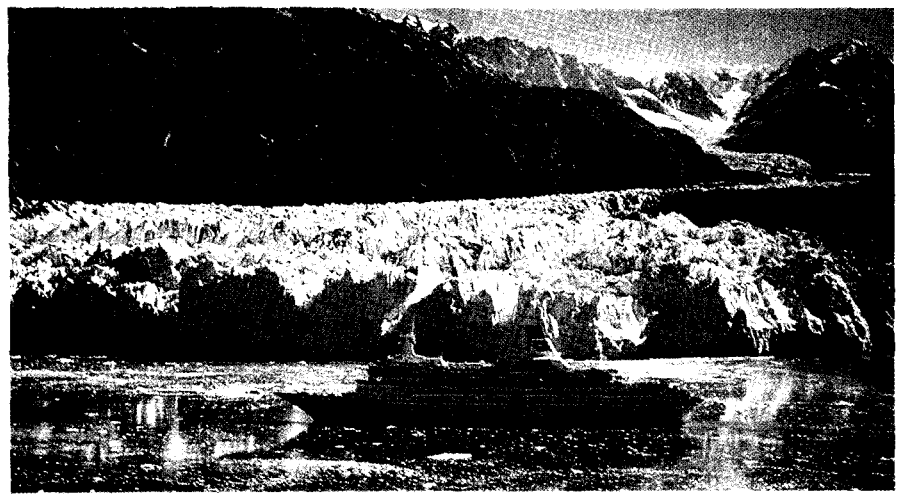
IT'S A BREEZE The Offshore Sailing School with locations in assorted watery dells, will keep you to windward all summer. Except, of course, when you're jibing downwind. It will teach you to sail from centers at City Island, outside New York City, in Chesapeake Bay, at Captiva Island, Florida; Hilton Head, North Carolina; Martha's Vineyard; and from Tortola in the British Virgins. Tortola is a summer bargain—$50 per person less than the winter tuition. Graduates of Learn to Sail are eligible for cruises: Maine in August, Honduras in November for tempters. For New Yorkers, three-day cram courses are set up on weekends. The full Tortola week costs $406 (double occupancy), tuition, lodging, and breakfasts. The toll-free number is (800) 221-4326.

IN THE NORSE LATITUDES The Norwegian navy (civilian branch), in the person of Royal Viking Line, is dispatching its ships in assorted directions away from summer heat. Seven cruises on the *Royal Viking Sea* slip up the Canadian coast to Alaska, stopping at Victoria, Juneau, Skagway, and Sitka, that old Russian capital, before returning by way of Prince Rupert, British Columbia, Vancouver, and California. The fortnight starts at just under $1,876. The *Royal Viking Sky*, meanwhile, as well as the *Star*, alternates all summer between the North Cape, slipping up the Norwegian coast and invading Russia by way of Copenhagen, Helsinki, and Stockholm. Whichever direction you go, learn to say *skaal*.

River Country— "Take the plunge."

GETTING SOAKED The Disney people, Florida branch, have set aside six backwoods acres and labeled the patch River Country. Whatever you do there, you'll stay wet: ride an inner-tube raft down the cascades of White Water Rapids, dunk in the Ol' Swimmin' Hole, ride a flume, take a skid down Slippery Slide Falls, take a kid into the Ol' Wadin' Pool. Take the plunge.

FISHING AND HOT DOGGING In New Zealand, this time of year, you can fish one day and ski the next. Or fish in the AM and ski in the PM. All that can be handled easily at Queenstown on the South Island. Fishing boat and guide are $50 for four hours. Skiing at Coronet Peak, 12 miles away. The Queenstown Golf Club is open all year. Greens fees, $2.50. No caddies. But if you can carry your fish (at about three and a half pounds each), you can carry a few clubs. This never-never land is a 14-hour straight shot from L.A. on Pan Am's new 747 SPs.



Royal Viking Star *cooling it at Glacier Bay—"Away from the summer heat."*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PHOTOS BY P. KANE/JOAN KRAMER AND ASSOCIATES

What to Eat to Beat the Heat

Anybody who remembers the open-faced sandwich with scores of tiny shrimp piled one atop the other in neat pyramidal shape will find it still extant in Copenhagen. But not at Oskar Davidsen's, the place of many sandwiches which is now called Hans Christian Andersen's and doesn't feature the long sandwich list. For piles of shrimp on buttered bread with chopped dill on top apply to the Reine Pedauque in the Hotel Angleterre, SAS's Royal Hotel, the Queen's Pub in the Hotel King Frederik, or almost any of the restaurants in Tivoli. Its ingestion is aided by akvavit followed by beer. Fish and shrimp have to swim, the Danes insist.

Cross the Rialto Bridge in Venice, disappear down an alley to the Trattoria alla Madonna to eat spider crab amid a welter of paintings and Venetian babble. Finish with raspberries dusted with sugar nestling alongside a cannonball of vanilla ice cream. Take the boat to Torcello where the *locanda* is run by the Ciprianis who kept it open in the winter of '48 while Hemingway finished *Across the River and Into the Trees*. Start with a *bellini* which is spumante with peach juice, then dive into the green noodles before buzzing back to the Hotel Cipriani to cool off in the outdoor pool.

Stroll down the Duke of Gloucester Street near Market Square in Colonial Williamsburg where the fifes and drums disport, and find Josiah Chowning's Tavern which was rebuilt on the original foundation. Tables are set in the garden in back under an arbor of scuppernong grapes. Try the Brunswick stew which is chicken and green things served on pewter plates or the pulled pork barbecue. Whet the whistle with a sangaree made of Madeira and juices from a 200-year-old recipe. Or stay with a tankard of Ram's Head Ale from America's oldest brewery which has been making suds for a century. You'll find it all laid out near the Powder Magazine where they practice daily. It'll blow your mind.

Slip out of the Grand Place in Brussels by way of the Rue de Bouchers where the tables of restaurants are wall to wall, spread over the cobbles. La Maison d'Alsace displays its *écrevisses*, its several sorts of crabs, whelks, and mussels. A La Petite Province insists "you are always on vacation" on its premises. Aux Armes de Bruxelles offers Ardennes ham or scallops from Ostend, then veal stuffed with Rocquefort and a *sorbet de fruits*. You'll dine well at Chez Leon or Chez Vincent, and if you are on the cheap, head for Au Petit Machin #1 and eat standing up: hamburger, fries, hot dog, each $1 and all Brussels bustling around you.

Sit in your wet bathing suit in your casita at Las Brisas far above Acapulco's waters. Ask room service to send up a bucket of guacamole and, when it comes, remove a bottle of Carta Blanca from the stocked ice box that is a feature of every hilltop sanctuary. Scan the horizon for the fishing boats in the sun-spangled Pacific. Soothe the spice of the guacamole with the beer. Beat the heat of the sun with a dunk in the pool, brushing away the red hibiscus blossoms

A is for Apple.
It's the first thing you should know about personal computers.
Discover the special thrill of personal computing—with Apple! It's a home computer, a business computer, a classroom computer, *your* computer. No wonder tens of thousands have already chosen Apple. Join the excitement in your local computer store. Call for the one nearest you. 800-538-9696. In California call 800-662-9238.
apple computer
10260 Bandley Drive
Cupertino, CA 95014

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which are set afloat every day in the private pools.

Take a table on the Hala Terrace of the Kahala Hilton outside of Honolulu with the breeze sweeping in off the Pacific, and the views giving off to the stalkers who comb the flats with padded shoes and spears, and the netters who wait patiently on the rock until the school swims by before throwing their weighted seine. Far in the distance steam the freighters and the battle wagons inbound for Pearl. Waken the taste buds with tangy Portuguese sausage cooled with pink guava juice. If it's lunch, order chicken salad in a papaya, or sautéed *opakapaka* with snow peas, *shiitake* mushrooms, and fried rice.

While it steams in most other places in the nation, San Francisco has a chill-filled summer. One could suffer mild frost bite or cool fog bite while waiting for the cable cars that haul the rubbernecks up from Fisherman's Wharf. It sometimes takes so long that troubadours gather to serenade those who only stand in line and wait. Otherwise, in the mild midday, shuffle along Fisherman's Wharf and stave off hunger with a walkaway seafood cocktail, buy a French bread at Boudin's, or take home whole Dungeness crabs in ice. For a sit-down session with seafood, there is Castagnola, Di Maggio's, the Franciscan, Pompeii's Grotto, A. Sabella's, Sabella's & La Torre, Scoma's, and Tarantino's, all on the Wharf, to say nothing of Sheraton at Fisherman's Wharf. Which is in seagull country, too, hence the name.

If in Bora Bora, Tahiti, or the Tuamotus, you're in the right place for *poisson cru* which translates to raw fish. But it really isn't raw in the sashimi sense. To make it the islanders use any white fish, especially local versions of yellow fin tuna or pompano which is marinated in lime juice— "cooked" as it were—then flavored with chopped onion, green pepper, and grated carrot, swamped in diluted coconut milk (four to one) and egg yolk and served with tomato wedges. It's more fun in French Oceana, but it is workable in your own backyard.

—Horace Sutton

Filling America's Frosted Cup

by Sam Aaron and Clifton Fadiman

One swallow does not a summer make, but enough of them, if good, can certainly help. Here are a few hints toward the mutual accommodation of wine and warm weather. Just a summery statement.

First, the obvious. Unless you're serving hamburgers, steak, filet, or shish-kebab sizzling from outdoor grill or kitchen, your wine may be any color as long as it's white. Nature seems to have arranged for white wine to chime and harmonize with such summer favorites as *salade niçoise, vitello tonnato,* all seafood, antipasto, and cold duck or chicken. Minority opinion, however, exists and should be listened to. Serve certain red wines at 55° to 60°, and you have committed no crime. Once, on the shores of Lake Garda, we felt no pain drinking cool Valpolicella as companion to veal. Again, at the Troisgros's at Roanne restaurant, the slightly chilled Beaujolais married amicably with the *boeuf bourguignon.* Visit Robert Mondavi when the Napa Valley is shimmering at 90° and he may well serve you venison stew—hardly an ethereal dish—with Gamay Rouge '77, chilled.

Vin rosé? It's traditional for carefree summer drinking and it looks pretty in the glass. But be sure it's not too sweet. Furthermore, as it can never rise above the level of the merely pleasant, don't spend more than $4 the bottle. Excellent rosés come from such northern California vineyards as Simi, Firestone, and Mondavi, which use the noble Cabernet Sauvignon grape in the making. Some famous rosés come from France, such as Tavel and Château de Selle. As for the latter, Europeans are now paying $18 a bottle. 'Taint worth it. Less costly wines (just as pink) reach us from Portugal (Mateus) and Italy (Bolla Rosé).

Preprandial cocktails and spirits will always have their partisans, but the white-wine habit has gone well past the fad stage, and a glass of it well-chilled will make your guests just as happy. Infuse a little Cassis—perhaps a teaspoonful per ordinary wineglass—and you have created the famous Kir of undiminished popularity.

Whites are a most accommodating wine. In the good old summertime you can serve them before, during, and between meals. But, whenever they are drunk, let's not be too serious. For hot-weather drinking, gulpability is more important than ceremonious imbibing. So, with California whites, save the great Chardonnays for cold weather. Content yourself with such easy-to-drink whites as Chenin Blanc (Simi '77, $5); Fumé Blanc (Mondavi '77, $7); Pinot Blanc (Wente '77, $4.50). And if you're entertaining a small-size mob, how about the economy-size jugs, equal to two bottles: Foppiano Chablis, $4; Mondavi White, $5.50; or Sonoma Vineyards' varietal Chenin Blanc '77, $6.75.

And if you feel like internationalizing, there are plenty of inexpensive light whites from Europe and elsewhere that will help you pass the dog days pleasantly. From Alsace come the fruity, often slightly austere '77 Sylvaners and Rieslings. Look for those from Leon Beyer, Hugel, or Trimbach—the most reliable names. Sancerre and Pouilly-Fumé from the Loire Valley are fine, but are also fashionable—which means that they're too expensive for light-hearted summer consumption. Instead try the spirited Muscadet or Gros Plant, both below $4.

In white Burgundies ignore the modish, ridiculously over-priced Pouilly-Fuissé (not that it isn't delicious) and look for '76s and '77s with labels reading Mâcon–Blanc (sometimes only bearing the grape name Pinot Chardonnay) and Saint-Véran. Both are under $5. Don't buy the '78s yet; they're 50 percent higher. The French countryside produces many little known whites from the Rhône Valley, Provence, and Midi. Look for La Vieille Ferme Blanc from the western Rhône at $3.

Want to go even further afield? Italy's best-known names are Soave, Verdicchio, Corvo, and Pinot Grigio—the last a dry white grown north of Venice which is Italy's best buy at below $4. Stick to '77 or later; age doesn't help.

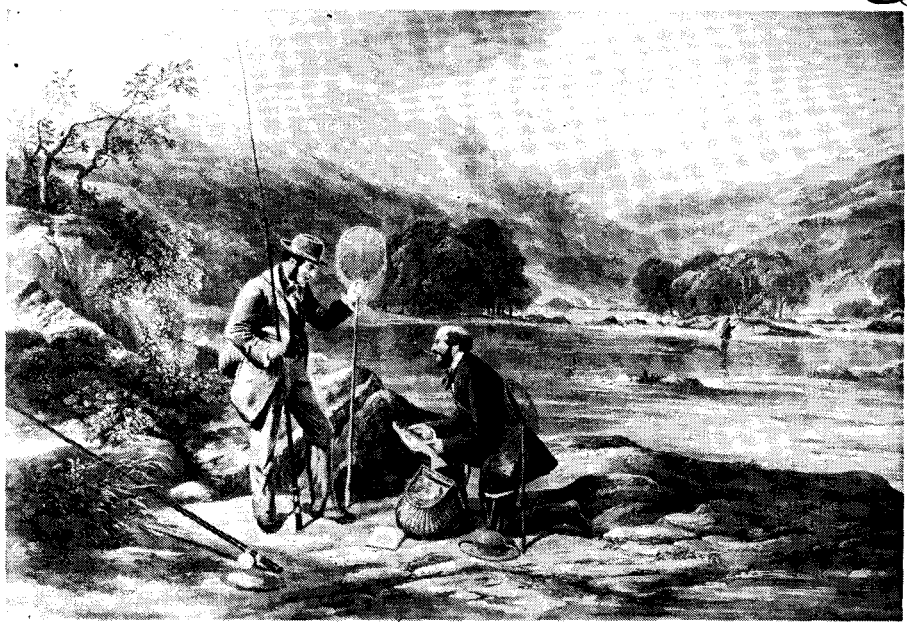
There's also an excellent Chardonnay '76 from Argentina's Andean Vineyards at $3.50; a Sauvignon Blanc '76 from Concha y Toro in Chile at $3.50; and, even cheaper at $3, the most sprightly dry white we've yet encountered from Spain, called Torres Vina Sol Blanco '78.

Loosen your collar and let the rules go by the board when the thermometer level rises. Throw out protocol. Buy the nonpretentious; see to it that it's labeled "alcoholic content not more than 12 percent;" serve it cool to cold; toss in ice cubes, if you must, and let connoisseurship languish until autumn rolls around.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Hook, a Worm & Thou

by Jonathan Evan Maslow



THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

On an English lake in the 1850s— "From a Tom Sawyer expedition to a NATO maneuver."

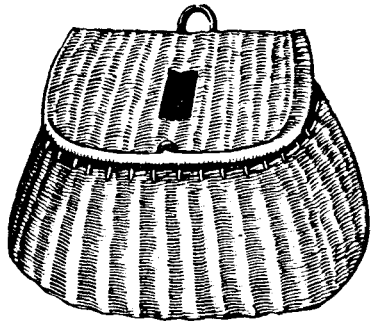
In the archives of Smith College's Library there exists a delightful letter from George Washington Cable, the noted *fin-de-siècle* author and supporter of civil rights and woman suffrage, to his friend, fellow Northampton resident, and Smith philosophy professor, Harry Norman Gardiner. "Dear Mr. Gardiner," the letter begins, "Will you go fishing again this afternoon to the same place, the watery graveyard of the oarlock and the rod-tip? You will have only your own equipment to provide, this time, and we will take a basket of lunch along, and stay to our heart's content, and come home to a fresh bite spread just for us. And there will be the fruit of the vine in the basket, and we will angle for that pickerel .... O Come, come away! When shall we start?"

This genteel and lyrical invitation, dated July 13, 1901, shows just how far we've drifted from the simple joys of fishing. I mean, of course, the unspeakable rod-and-gun columns and magazines, the big money "pro-am fishout" contests to catch the biggest fish, and the lure-of-the-month mentality, all of which have threatened in recent years to transform fishing from a Tom Sawyer expedition to a NATO maneuver.

To hear the tackle manufacturers and their accomplices in the outdoorsy press tell it, *successful* fishing—a novel concept in itself with its whiff of the body count, the calorie chart, and the scorecard—depends entirely on acquiring the latest and most expensive gadgetry of escape: the four-wheel-drive recreational vehicle; the fiber-glass bass boat powered by the loudest twin outboard engines; the unbreakable graphite rod (one model I saw recently was called the "spacestick"), and all the way down the pure monofilament line to that phosphorescent, fuchsia plastic worm, so much more effective, economical, and less slimy than the live item.

In a sense, fishing, which is by very far the most popular sport in the country, has become a kind of subsidiary enterprise of the great propaganda machines that sell war, sex, and automobile technology to the American male and his adolescent sons. The fish is no longer incidental to the experience of fishing, to the friendship of a Cable for a Gardiner, nor to the mystery of flowing water, the puissance of sun and shadow.

No, the fish has become an enemy, still another threat to our self-image, to be pursued, subdued, and vanquished. It's the awful way of our culture to swamp every activity in ever-thicker layers of machinery and volumes of complicating instruction. But the more complex the gears, the more compendious the books, the further removed from true emotion we become. We are losing



the right to say, as Hemingway does in "Big Two-Hearted River," "Nick's heart tightened as the trout moved. He felt all the old feeling."

I am sure there are some of you—the true trout and salmon fishermen—who will take the strongest exception to my argument. After all, you will no doubt admonish me, the craft of "killing" the trout marches proudly back before Izaak Walton to its roots in *The Book of St. Alban's* 1496 treatise on "Fishing With an Angle."

I am not unaware that fly fishermen devote half their sporting lives to the denial of technical innovation. The reed creel; the split bamboo rod (only the purest Tonkin Gulf cane, please); the weightless bit of hand-tied fur and feather at the end of the tapered, braided line; and even the custom of renting a morning's fishing rights along the banks of a clear, gurgling trout stream have all flowed down to the present protected by obsessive loyalty to tradition.

I must say I admire the knowledge and skill of the rainbow set. But admire them from afar, for the fact is that fly fishing, which is the British national pastime, is by and large arcane to most American anglers, not at all typical of the way we fish in the U.S.—in short, a sport for anglophiles and social climbers. We are a tribe of lake and river rats, bay trollers, surf casters, dockside danglers, and, yes, poachers, when we get the chance. And except for the most advanced among us, we still harbor, somewhere behind the eyes, a frontier ethic that tells us our catch is more worthy fried on a platter than recorded for posterity in a notebook and released unharmed. Which is, of course, precisely what we should be doing if we want sport fishing to continue and flourish.

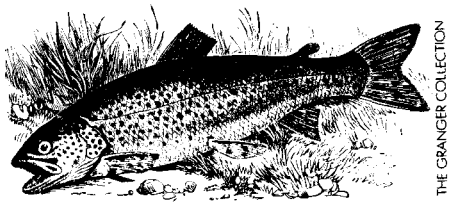
Fishing is an entirely local affair, determined by geography. If you happen to live near New York's Montauk Point, with the stripers skimming the rills after a storm, you would certainly be odd to prefer catfish. By the same determinism, if you reside near Seattle, you'll be fortunate enough to fish for salmon, which sells in my Manhattan neighborhood for $7 the pound. And if you're a Texan, you'll be bass fishing on one of those gigantic, federally sponsored reservoirs named after a dead politician. Personally, however, given choice of range, I prefer a quiet lake at dusk to just about any other fishing venue. The surface should be smooth as glass, disturbed only by the occasional frog or turtle changing shifts, and there should be a pious silence, broken only by the soft din of vacationing families eating dinner

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on screened-in porches at camps across the way. Might I also suggest the gentlest breeze to keep the mosquitos off. And an elegant, properly aged boat dock, creeking on mossy, rotting posts, where the big fish will come in after minnows as the evening shadows deepen.

In such a perfect spot, I like to employ the simplest tackle, one of those gracile, slotted bamboo poles without a reel, $1.49 at Woolworth's, a very light coil of line, say about two-pound test, and a small, bright, 25-cent red-and-white bobber (unnecessary in the strictest sense, but allowing a person with a notoriously short attention span like myself something to concentrate on). I add between bobber and hook a pellet or two of lead, split-shot sinkers, the latter leading to insanity, or so I've believed from the time I began separating the groove with my teeth and biting down again to fasten them to the line.

Finally comes the live bait—a pair of fat, squirming nightcrawlers, dug from under a log or patch of grass. Baiting the hook is fishing's moment of truth. You must arrange the lure artfully so as to: 1) conceal the hook and 2) create what in your own mind passes for an ideal, appetizing morsel for the fish. The mental debate that goes on while piercing the worm's thick neck, running the metal loop around and up the soft belly, could indeed fill whole volumes: Do fish like an alluring leg of worm dangling down below? Or do they prefer a moving worm to a stiff one? A fat dumpling of worm or a thin french fry? And what about the old superstition of spitting on the bait—I mean, gobbed-on worm isn't very appealing to *me*, but what do we really know about a fish's sense of appetite? No one has ever, to my knowledge, completely explained why fish strike at a



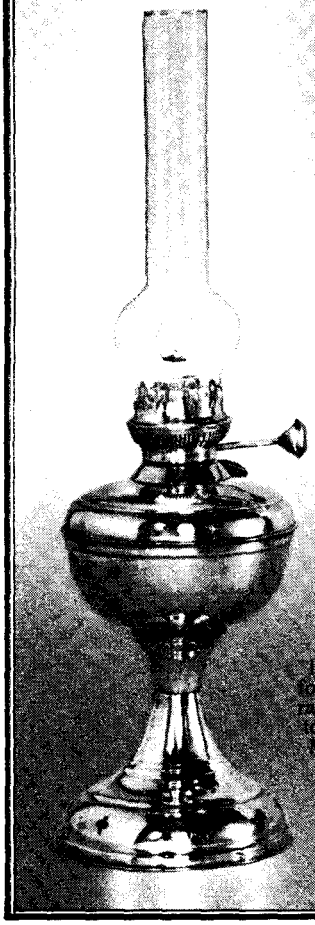
THE GRANGER COLLECTION

particular arrangement. Could it have nothing to do with hunger, but rather that the sight of a man-made dish fills them with savage rage?

I prefer still-fishing at dusk for two reasons. The first is that it's so simple, the sport is reduced entirely to its central theme. The floating bobber twists slowly around, dunks once, returns, and suddenly vanishes from sight. Up the stem of the bamboo, like a subtle translation of a difficult poem, comes the tremor, and your hand quivers with it. The pole bows, straightens, your fish breaks the surface. Then you delicately flip him from the water, which used to be called "horsing," and he lands at your feet with a gracious splash. As Hemingway wrote in a story, "Damn, didn't he feel like something when I horsed him out though? They can talk all they want about playing them, but people that have never horsed them out don't know what they can make you feel."

The choice of dusk over dawn owes to my observation that luck smiles on me only after working hours. And no matter what the tackle salesmen tell you, luck counts for much in fishing. If you've ever gone party-boat or pier fishing, where a hundred tangled lines with precisely the same bait are down in the same patch of dark bottom, you know that.

Nevertheless, though luck is sovereign, she is not unapproachable. Like the talented gambler or the shrewd investor, the smart fisherman must first put his own house in order, discounting the known and manageable variables. Only then does he seek to align himself with the mysterious forces of the universe, ally himself with the unknowable powers, reach down under the vectors of light, air, and water to touch the soul of the depths. And only when luck sees evidence of the fisherman's faith does she direct that chain pickerel to emerge from his reedy hollow, baring his sharp, short, spiky teeth as he swims into shallow water for the last time.



Uncommonly attractive Old-Fashioned Oil Lamp. Uncommonly reasonable Old-Fashioned Price.

One of our buyers spotted this interesting oil (or kerosene) lamp in a book in Berlin. Recognized it as a museum-quality reproduction of the lamps once common in the stately old homes of Europe. So he tracked the source to artisans in Ancient China, and did an impressive deal. The result: We're importing it direct, and can pass the savings on to you.

But price is only part of the story. This elegant lamp stands 20" tall, with a long, narrow, hand-blown glass chimney. Handcrafted in *solid brass* by modern-day Oriental artisans using age-old methods passed on from father to son.

The lamp rises gracefully from a massive 6" solid brass base, then swells to a large oil reservoir holding 35 ounces of scented lamp oil or kerosene (enough for a thousand-and-one romantic nights?). Adjustable *circular* wick with a clever flame *diffuser* for even, smokeless flame.

You'd expect to pay a lord's ransom for a handcrafted lamp of this quality. Yet we're able to offer it to you *direct* for just $19.95 (two for $35.95). At these prices, we expect rather extensive interest from our discerning clientele. So, to be fair, we'll fill orders strictly first-come-first-served. The Merrick order early and avoid disappointment.

Oh yes, if you are dissatisfied in any way, simply return for full refund of purchase price, (except shipping and handling), no questions asked.

The Merrick Mart 1955 Merrick Rd., Dept. 151-25 Merrick, N.Y. 11566

The Merrick Mart, Dept. 151-25
1955 Merrick Rd., Merrick, N.Y. 11566

Please rush me _____ Old World Oil Lamp(s) #99457, at $19.95 purchase price plus $3.75 shipping and handling for one; $35.95 plus $5.50 shipping and handling for two; $68.95 plus $9.00 shipping and handling for four.
Enclosed is ☐ check
or ☐ money order for $_____
I prefer to charge my
☐ VISA ☐ Master Charge
Card #_____
MC Interbank #_____ Expires_____
Signature _____

Phone Your Order Toll-Free: If you have Master Charge or Visa phone 800-645-3197 ext. 2 to order toll-free. (In N.Y. St. 800-228-2021 ext. 2) 24 hrs. 7 days per week.
Please give street address only, no postal box.)

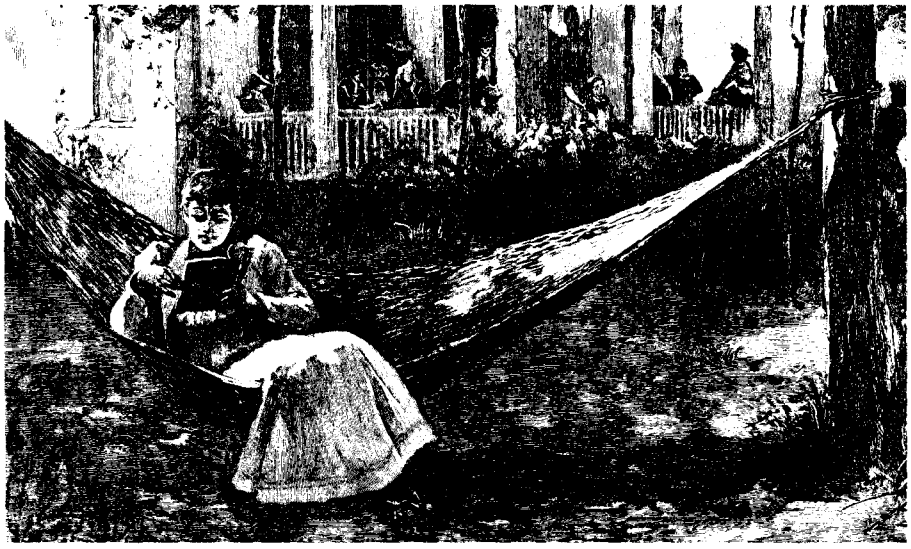
Print Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____ Zip_____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hammock Reading

by Ted Morgan

Books have their uses in the summer, as sun shields, bug squashers, table-leg levelers, drink supports, or to avoid conversation with bores by pretending to be immersed in one. Once, when I was taking the ferry from Tangier to Malaga in July, a dagger-brandishing Moroccan, crazed by heat and hashish, lunged at a man in a deck chair who was reading Robert Graves's *I, Claudius*. The man raised the volume (fortunately, it was the hard-cover edition) and deflected the blow.



THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Hunter S. Thompson's *The Great Shark Hunt* (Summit Books) is recommended to vacationers headed for Yellowstone Park, for at 601 pages, it is heavy enough to stun a bear. A collection of articles, *The Great Shark Hunt* is a masterpiece of recycling. Thompson wrote magazine articles, collected them into books, and is now excerpting passages from the books to include here.

Nevertheless, *The Great Shark Hunt* is interesting because it shows that the "Gonzo" journalist who wrote *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* did not spring full-grown from Jan Wenner's brow. He had been writing for a decade in such staid publications as the *Reporter* and the *Chicago Tribune* before the full flowering of his style in *Rolling Stone*. The earliest piece in this collection, dated Feb. 18, 1962, is a straightforward, restrained account of a Bluegrass show in Renfro Valley, Kentucky. It could have been written by any of a hundred competent journalists.

It was not until eight years later, in a piece for *Scanlan's Monthly* on the Kentucky Derby, that Thompson abandoned the neo-realism of ordinary magazine writing for what might be called neo-narcissism, by placing himself at the center of the action. Thompson's jagged, self-absorbed voice caught the spirit of the late Sixties and early Seventies. "The only way to write honestly about a scene is to be a part of it," was his credo, which he faithfully followed, upstaging people he was assigned to cover.

There is no doubt that Thompson is a talented fellow, but many of the pieces in this collection seem dated. Perhaps nothing becomes so quickly passé as the bizarre. The political pieces, particularly, give one a feeling of *déja lu*. Still, there are several real gems: the story on Jean-Claude Killy as a Chevrolet salesman and the description of the Hell's Angels burying one of their own.

If Hunter Thompson represents the new world at its wildest, Joseph Wechsberg belongs to the old world at its most dignified: Vienna before World War I and the break-up of the Hapsburg Empire, with its mixture of chic and Gemütlichkeit. In *The Vienna I Knew* (Doubleday), he looks back on a serene, happy childhood in a part of the world convinced that the high form of civilization it has achieved will last forever. Vienna was the Kaiserstadt, the Imperial City, a place that existed nowhere else on earth. Gustav Mahler was at the Court Opera, the Hotel Sacher had its *chambres separées*, where men-about-town drank champagne from the slippers of ballet dancers, and the cafes served Kaisersemmeln for breakfast. While Wechsberg was still a boy, the Vienna of the Hapsburgs came crashing down, and his father was killed in World War I. He understood Stefan Zweig. Vienna was "rich in beauty, rich in talent, and also rich in despair."

Joseph Wechsberg's childhood went from happiness to a sense of loss, while Lawrence Ferlinghetti's must establish some sort of record for early misery. Several months before his birth, his father died of a heart attack, and several months after his birth, his mother was committed to a mental hospital. He was raised by foster parents. When he was 10, his mother, released from the hospital, came to ask him to make a choice that would haunt him for the rest of his life. He stayed with his foster parents.

Ferlinghetti emerged from the wreckage of his childhood to become a poet and a central figure in the literary revival of the Fifties on the West Coast. He founded the City Lights Book Store and Press, a home for writers ignored by Eastern publishers. This book, *Ferlinghetti: A Biography* by Neeli Cherkovski (Doubleday), although crudely written, with a reverential tone, is a chapter in our literary history.

It was Ferlinghetti who published Allen Ginsberg's *Howl and Other Poems*, which was seized by customs in 1957. Arrested on a charge of printing and selling obscene material, he was tried and acquitted in a decision that remains the basis for present obscenity laws. Ferlinghetti's poetry found such unexpected readers as the FBI, who listed him as a "beatnik rabble rouser," and said that "this type of trash, so readily available in widespread circulation, must surely be responsible in some measure to demoralization in America," showing the FBI's judgment to be on a par with its grammar.

In fact, Ferlinghetti, with his colloquial, relaxed tone, and attention to the visual pattern of the words on the page, is a bard in the tradition of Whitman, a poet of the commonplace, who finds magic in what he sees around him, and who, in his best work, such as "The Old Italians Dying", attains that "difficult simplicity" of which Cervantes spoke.

Another poet of the commonplace, whose medium is the short radio essay, is Charles Kuralt, a CBS correspondent who logs 30,000 to 40,000 miles a year traveling around the country in a motor home, reminding his listeners of what America is really like. *Dateline America* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, available next month), a collection of his best pieces, stresses the redeeming qualities of the land and the people and shines with grace and wit. Kuralt has a grudging tolerance for the present and mourns the passing of homemade pie, the Ma-and-Pa truck stop, the family farm, cheap land, and small-town railroad stations. But whether he is watching the migration of waterfowl in Tule Lake, California, or reminiscing with the people of North Platte, Nebraska, who gave free meals to thousands of transient servicemen in World War II, he confronts us with a vision of what America should be, and sometimes is.

Ted Morgan has completed a biography of W. Somerset Maugham.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Fancy for Fans

THE GRANGER COLLECTION

by Susan Ochshorn

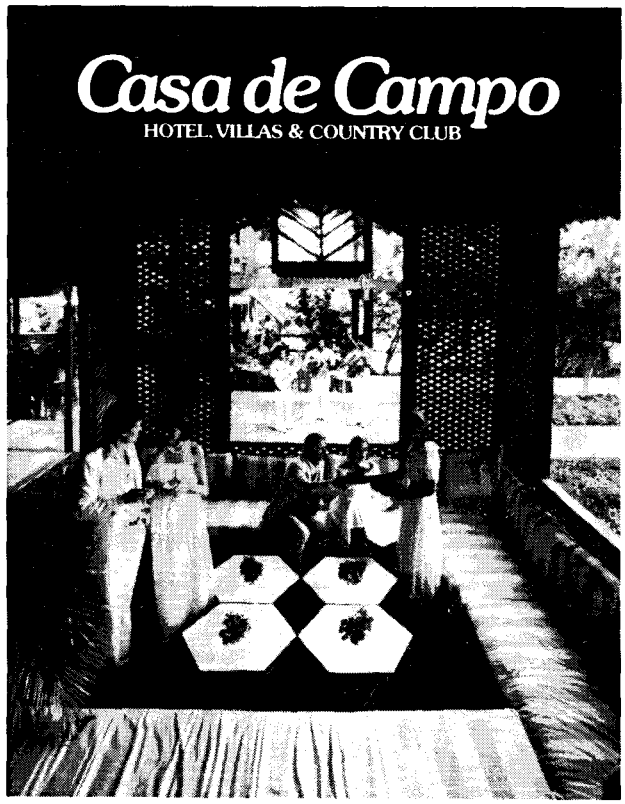
The fierce dog days of August loom ominously. Thermostats are at a sultry standstill. How can one find relief and conserve energy at the same time? Simple. Invest in one of mankind's most ancient cooling artifacts—the fan. Compact, light, and accessible, it is also one of the most exquisitely decorative modes of keeping sweat off the brow.

Legends of the origins of the fan are as numerous and colorful as the fans themselves. The Spaniards speculate that the first one was a wing that Cupid snatched from the back of Zephyrus to cool Psyche as she slumbered on her bed of roses. Chinese lore relates how the Mandarin princess Lam-si grew hot at an imperial fête, defiantly tore her mask from her face, and vigorously fanned herself with it. So beautiful and exalted in rank was she that her offense was pardoned and her example was followed by others.

From cooling agent, to instrument of coquetry, to symbol of power, to fashion accessory, the fan has been a part of human ritual through the ages. In Japan (where they regard it as an emblem of life) and in China fans have always figured prominently in court etiquette, social customs, and the dance, which may be the reason Oriental fans are more varied in design and use than those of France and England. Ah, but let us not slight the French; the Gauls, led by Louis XIV and Louis XV fashioned this accessory into an objet d'art, frequently adorned with satin ribbon, sequins, and spangles. Or the Spanish, who created their own book of rules for use of the fan in affairs of love. "In the hand of a Spanish lady," Benjamin Disraeli was said to have remarked, "the fan is a weapon that puts to shame the strategy of a regiment of generals."

Today, this exotic accouterment is slowly resuming its rightful place among the energy savers. You can seek it out on the shelves of small specialty shops such as the Chinese Emporium on Manhattan's 57th Street (priced from $1 to $20), or the Mikado Gift Shop in San Francisco's Japan Center (their folding fans range from $5.95 to $26). Antiques stores generally carry a supply as well. The New York-based department store chain of Azuma sports a large and inexpensive selection of palm-shaped fans in brightly colored fabrics and cool-looking straw. Their most costly one is about $3. For special heady but hot occasions, Henri Bendel, New York's elegant boutique offers a splendid sprinkling of party fans the most expensive of which is $50. If this causes your temperature to rise, amble on over to Woolworth's. The dependable five-and-ten is now stocking palm fans with silk binding at the bargain price of 99c. You can't beat the heat for much less than that. ◉

Low Cost Merengue Carnival '79 Holidays In The Dominican Republic



Pete Dye's 2 championship courses with 7 holes along the sea. Day and night tennis on 15 clay or Laykold courts, horseback riding, skeet and trap. Sailing, fishing, and snorkeling from an idyllic white sand beach. 5 swimming pools. Merengue Carnival '79 Summer Package **Rates from $88 to $183 per person,** dbl. occ. May 1-Oct. 31, 1979

Gulf+Western Hotels in the Dominican Republic

Casa de Campo
Hotel Villas & Country Club
Hotel Romana
Hotel Santo Domingo
Hispaniola Hotel
Hotel Santiago,
Villas & Golf Club
Opening 1980

For brochures and reservations call your travel agent or Gulf+Western Hotels
1 Gulf+Western Plaza, New York City 10023 · Toll Free (800) 223-6620 · N.Y.C. (212) 333-4100

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Cultivated Outdoors

Tanglewood— "The oldest in age and still the most beautiful in surroundings."

1. Cool Notes

by Irving Kolodin

Almost every one of America's top 10 symphony orchestras plays somewhere outdoors during the summer, but not necessarily where you would expect. Who, where, what, and when, are as follows, plus some addenda of equal importance.

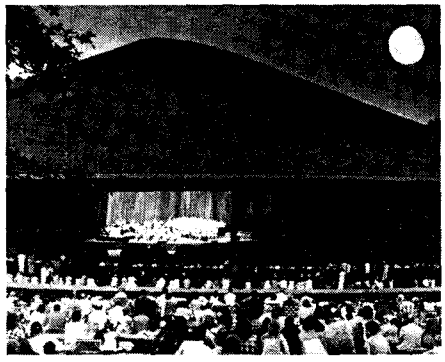
Oldest of all the outdoor "digs" for a symphony orchestra (it first began to serve its present purpose in 1922) is, not surprisingly, California's Hollywood Bowl, where the Los Angeles Philharmonic will be performing. Leadership will be provided by Christoph Eschenbach on July 17, and on July 19 he will also be the piano soloist in a Mozart concerto (K.595). James Conlon conducts between July 24 and 28. Jumping into August (7, 9, 10, 11, and 14) the rising Jesus Lopez-Cobos is in charge, followed by Andrew Davis (August 21). Michael Tilson Thomas takes over on August 28, when flutist Jean-Pierre Rampal plays the Mozart Concerto in G.

On the East Coast, in Massachusetts, the oldest in age and still most beautiful in surroundings, is the Berkshire Festival at Tanglewood. For the first time since the festival began in 1937, there will be a guest orchestra as well as guest conductors. When Seiji Ozawa and the resident Boston Symphony leave on tour (August 20) Zubin Mehta and the New York Philharmonic will move in. The grand finale of that visit, and of the season, will be Beethoven's Ninth Symphony on Sunday afternoon, August 26.

The late weeks of July will bring, as conductors, the new Tanglewood favorite, Klaus Tennstedt (July 20 and 21) and one of the oldest, Leonard Bernstein (July 22). Just before the tour, music director Ozawa will lead Berlioz's *Damnation of Faust* (August 19).

To find the great Philadelphia Orchestra during August, look for it in the spacious shed and handsome surroundings of New York's Saratoga Performing Arts Center. Visitors interested in the improvement of the breed by day and great orchestral playing by night will find the best of all possible parlays in Saratoga. Eugene Ormandy conducts (August 8, 9, 24, 25), Robert Shaw (August 16), Sergiu Comissiona (August 22), and Gunther Schuller (August 23).

Recent years have provided the Cleveland Orchestra with a much-treasured summer home at Blossom Center, midway between Euclid Avenue and Akron. The schedule offers two events worth saving weekend gas to hear: Giuseppe Verdi's *Requiem* on August 11 with



Blossom Music Center— "Much treasured."

James Conlon conducting and Benjamin Britten's *War Requiem* with music director Loren Maazel as maestro on August 25. He will also conduct the season-ending mini-Brahms festival (August 31 and September 1).

Still east of the Mississippi is a coolish haven of music at Wolf Trap, Virginia, 16 miles southwest of D.C. The National Symphony will be heard a dozen times between mid-July and the end of August. Under the direction of Mstislav Rostropovich on July 20, 21, 22, with Andre Watts as pianist soloist on the middle date. Following him are: Leonard Slatkin on July 26 with Barry Tuckwell as horn soloist playing the Strauss Concerto No. 1, John Nelson (August 3 in Haydn's *Creation*, Aaron Copland in an evening of his own music (August 4), Julius Rudel (August 17), and Sarah Caldwell (August 23).

Between Missouri and Malibu the choicest of musical destinations is Santa Fe, New Mexico, whose unroofed opera complex on route 84 is situated on a rise where the hottest day is sure to be succeeded by a windswept evening. Performances are at 9, with such attractions as the American premiere of the now complete *Lulu* of Alban Berg (July 28, August 1, 9, 17 with Michael Tilson Thomas conducting), Mozart's *The Magic Flute* (July 21, 25, 27, August 2, 10, 15, 18, 21, 24 under the direction of Raymond Leppard), and other fare by Donizetti, Offenbach, Strauss).

Also mentionable, if not necessarily cooler than nearby cities are the Temple University Festival, on the campus near Philadelphia, the off-season home of the Pittsburgh Symphony; Meadowbrook, Michigan, where the Detroit Symphony plays during July and August.

For those fortunate enough to be Europe-bound, some of the most attractive outdoor activities are centered in Provence. Here, based in Aix, one can hear alfresco performances of Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro* under Neville Marriner's direction (July 15, 19, 23, 26, 31, and August 3) and Jules Massenet's *Werther*, with Jean-Claude Casadesus of that famous family as director (July 21, 24, 27, 30, and August 2, 5). Upriver at Orange, within the mighty walls of the ancient Roman arena, concert performances are scheduled of Mozart's *Requiem* (August 3) and Puccini's *Turandot* (August 4). In Fréjus, concerts of chamber music may be heard in the Cour de l'Evéché (July 17, 19, 20, 21, 22).

Were I within driving distance of Lucerne, I would also reserve time for August 19–20 for the annual concerts in the park at the famous Lion Monument, this year devoted to chamber music conducted by Paul Sacher. From there it is no distance at all to Bregenz, on Lake Constance, with its diversified musical productions on the floating stage.

P.S. In Italy, don't forget the Verona Festival: This year's repertory includes *La Traviata, Turandot*, and *Mefistofele*; also the offerings on the huge stage in Rome's Baths of Caracalla. Productions are on an equally massive scale. ◉

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

2. Open-Air Arabesques

by Walter Terry

Alfresco auditoria where one can glimpse entrechats, slap mosquitoes, and breathe summer air, heavy with blossom, all in the same enchanted evening.

ARTPARK is a 200-acre outdoor studio located seven miles from Niagara Falls in upstate New York. The public and the working artists are encouraged to meet, exchange ideas, and watch performing arts in rehearsal or crafts in the making. Artpark, in its sixth season, runs from June 29 to September 3. In the performance area, there are the operas *Lucia di Lammermoor* and *Faust*; the musical comedy, *Kiss Me, Kate*; the classic horror play, *The Duchess of Malfi*, and the dance companies of Paul Taylor, Merce Cunningham, Eliot Feld, Bella Lewitzky, and Lar Lubovitch plus the National Ballet of Canada and the Musawwir Gymnastic Dancers. Single tickets are available, but *grasspass* for $15 can get you in to as many as 56 events. Call: (212) 593-6433 or (716) 745-3377.

STEAMBOAT SPRINGS COLORADO, home of the Stephens College/Perry-Mansfield School and Camps, America's oldest summertime dance center, is again busy with classes, workshops, and performances. A special highlight of this year's outdoor festivities is a new, major dance work honoring the memory of the late Portia Mansfield (who founded the school with Charlotte Perry in the early years of the century). Harriette Ann Gray, director of dance at Stephens College (which now runs Perry-Mansfield) and a disciple of the two pioneering ladies, is its choreographer. Final performances are slated for July 26, 27. Call (303) 879-1060.

Canadian dancers— "A 200-acre outdoor studio seven miles from Niagara Falls."

SEATTLE CENTER PLAYHOUSE is the locale for the third annual Seattle Summer Festival of Dance. The Bill Evans Dance Company (along with other dance groups) performs from July 25 to August 16, with guest artist Cynthia Gregory appearing on August 15 and 16. American Ballet Theater's leading ballerina will be seen in a new piece especially choreographed for her by Evans and in her own work, both to music by Bach.

ON THE ESPLANADE, along the historic Charles River, the Boston Ballet appears in outdoor performances. The nationally famous dance troupe will be seen in divertissements from its extensive repertory in August. Projected schedule: Aug. 7 to 19. Call (617) 542-3945.

3. The Strawhat Circuit

by Martin Gottfried

"Summer theater" used to mean summer stock—touring stars in packaged versions of Broadway-style plays, sometimes last year's hit, sometimes an unknown play billed as "prior to Broadway." That, in most cases, meant "prior to Labor Day," for these plays were usually thinner than the paper they were written on.

For all that, summer stock could be fun and still is. But for summer theater it has been overshadowed lately by permanent festivals that provide culture cum picnic grounds, yet culture nevertheless. Shakespeare particularly dominates this summer festival circuit, and some well-established institutions are now having their seasons in the sun. The grand-daddy of them all is Canada's Stratford Festival, which is showing off its depth by doing *Richard II* (through November 4), directed by Zoe Caldwell, with three different actors rotating in the title role. The festival is also presenting the premiere of a musical version of Philip Barry's delightful *Holiday*, retitled *Happy New Year*, with songs pulled out of Cole Porter's trunk. Shakespeare would approve. (This festival runs into the fall.)

Connecticut's Stratford— "Duty served."

The main (or "Elizabethan") stage at the Oregon Shakespeare Festival in Ashland is outdoors, and upon it this reputable festival is presenting *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (September 28) and *As You Like It* (September 30), plus Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus* (September 29). And over at the estimable San Diego National Shakespeare Festival, in its reproduced Old Globe Theater, *Julius Caesar*, *The Comedy of Errors*, and *Macbeth* are being done in rotating repertory (all through September 23). Most of these festivals rotate or change the bill daily. So, visitors can indulge themselves in orgies of play-going, which is less tiring than tennis and similar philistine summertime activities.

Other festivals, such as the Guthrie in Minneapolis, offer alternates to Shakespeare—Sheridan's *The Rivals* (July 24–September 28), Tennessee Williams's *The Glass Menagerie* (through October 3), even Samuel Beckett's *Endgame* (through October 13). So, by no means are these festivals strictly Shakespearean or strictly lightweight. From Stratford, Connecticut, to the Lakewood, Ohio, Great Lakes Shakespeare Festival, and even including the summer stock and dinner theaters and musical comedy tents, summer theater gives many audiences their first taste of stage performance. That is a duty well served.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

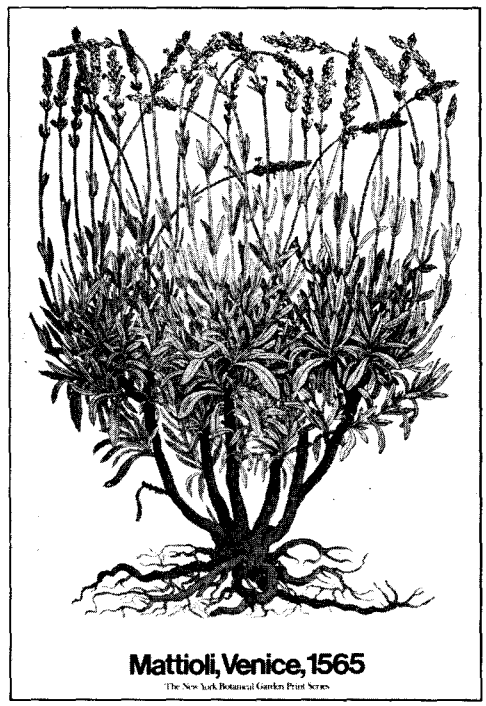
TOOLS FOR LIVING™

Tools for Living is an attempt to cut through the proliferation of products and bring unusually worthy values to your attention. Our items are not selected by an organized process. We've simply asked some friends to scout their areas of the country for well-designed items of honest usefulness that do what they say they will do—and at reasonable cost. We offer a mail-order service because many people find it easier to shop that way. Some of these items can be found in local stores. Wherever you buy, we trust you will find the information here helpful. If you want to recommend a product based on your experience with it, write us at the address below.

STEAMING IS THE SECRET

What is the best simple cheap utensil to improve the taste and nutritional quality of the food you serve? We think it is this stainless steel vegetable steamer (an item roundly praised, by the way, in *The Cooks' Catalogue*). This efficient little basket fits into any pot 6" to 10" in diameter. The 18 overlapping perforated petal leaves adjust to accommodate greater or lesser amounts. When you use it, you will be delighted to discover how much color and crunch cooked vegetables can have. The bonus is that the nutritional advantage is equally impressive—steaming does not leach out the nutrients the way boiling does. We have used our steamer basket for clams and as an improvised seafood poacher. But our favorite discovery is steamed corn-on-the-cob: just stack freshly picked ears criss-cross fashion and steam for about 8 minutes for an incomparable flavor. The steamer basket costs only $4.25 postpaid. (A-45)

ITALIAN LAVENDER



The New York Botanical Garden puts out a superb print series taken from their rare book collection featuring vivid historic illustrations of various plants. The Italian Lavender print is a poster size (24" x 36") reproduction of an illustration from an herbal book published in Venice in 1565. The print is silk-screened in five colors on heavy stock. Lavender is perhaps the most graceful of the aromatics, clusters of small purple flowers atop leaves green in two shades. This is a dramatic piece of art even if you don't think of yourself as a plant fancier. The poster is a bargain at $7 postpaid. (A-46)

FRAMING SUGGESTION

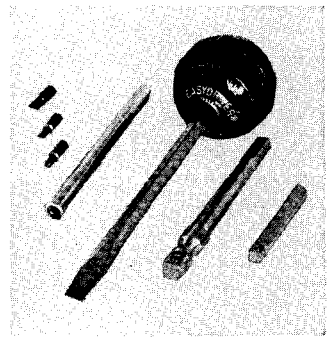
The Braquette Frame Clip shown in last month's **Tools for Living** (A-36) can save you as much as $30. Just have a piece of glass or Plexiglas cut to size and mount the whole thing with the braquette in minutes—for well under twenty dollars. $4.50 postpaid. (A-50)

HOOKS THAT AREN'T

The Italians have extraordinary flair for giving functional objects a dramatic design—as anyone knows who has seen one of their soaring futuristic automobiles. So it is not a total surprise that this Italian version of a household hook looks nothing like any hook you have ever seen before. Instead of a protuberance, this hook is a V-shaped slot into which you tuck a piece of whatever you are hanging. Each hook is triangular plastic with an adhesive backing. You simply stick them up wherever they are needed—bathroom, kids' rooms, kitchen, garage, office, on the refrigerator, near the back door, etc. These hooks work beautifully for any fabric or cord and you can also tuck notes or reminders in them. They look good in clusters or rows or hung singly. The bright colors, crisp geometry, and unusual concept combine to make them as decorative as they are useful. We can send you a package of hooks in your choice of orange, red, white or green. 3/$3.75 or 6/$6.50. (A-42)

THE BEST THING FOR SCREWS

Improve the screwdriver? That is a mighty tall claim. So we were appropriately skeptical when first introduced to the Easydriver. After using it, though, we are convinced it puts the ordinary screwdriver back in the Stone Age by comparison. The first advantage the Easydriver offers is its round grip. It fits the hand like a doorknob, providing more torque at less effort. Second, the head has a ratchet assembly inside that speeds and relieves the tedium of turning. The head reverses on the shaft for driving or extracting. Last, the Easydriver comes with a variety of interchangeable shafts, bits, sockets, and adapters that suit the tool to a variety of particular purposes. The Easydriver is marketed mostly to professional carpenters and mechanics but we think it will



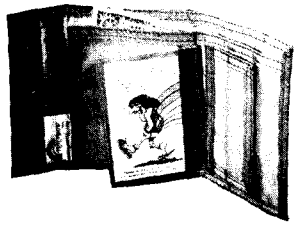
serve the weekend handyman equally well. The kit we offer here is ideal for most automotive, carpentry, marine, electrical and general maintenance uses. For $16.50, plus $1.25 postage and handling, you get the ratchet ball head, a 7" long heavy-duty Keystone screwdriver blade, an all-purpose drive shaft, three bits (#2 phillips insert head, 1/4" and 3/16" cabinet tip insert bit for slotted screws), 2 socket adaptors. The whole thing comes packaged in a storage case. The tool is warranted for one year by the manufacturer against breakage. Once you use the Easydriver, you will agree it gives the screwdriver a whole new twist. (A-49)

(Advertisement)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LET YOUR MONEY REST SECURE

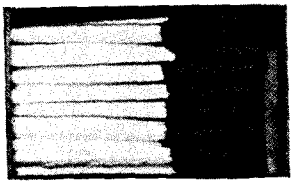
Have you seen the television commercial where a vacationing couple step off a boat and the man's wallet, presumably with all their available funds, drops overboard and plunges sickeningly to the bottom, too deep to retrieve? The commercial pitches the security of traveler's checks. But there is another kind of protection against such disaster—a wallet that floats. Which is exactly what the Rainbow wallet promises to do (so long as you don't weigh it down with gold specie). This wallet is made of tough nylon pack material with velcro fasteners. It has a place for folding money, three other pockets, a four-seat plastic card file, and a coin purse. The wallet is light-



weight, durable and washable—ideal for hikers, campers, boaters and other outdoorsfolk of both sexes. The wallet measures approximately 4″ x 5″ and is available in tan, red, blue or rust. If a floating wallet doesn't leave you fully at ease about the security of your cash, you will be pleased to know that in addition to its other virtues, this wallet is soft enough to sleep on. We can send you one for $11 or two for $20 in case you've been looking for a good gift item. (A-41)

HURRICANE MATCHES

We were introduced to Hurricane Matches on a canoe trip with a friend. At the end of a particularly rough day, our gear was soaked and a near-gale was blowing. The solace of a hot meal seemed unlikely. Then our friend produced a soggy box of Hurricane Matches, literally dripping water. He carefully dried the tip of a match on his shirt, did the same with the striking surface on the matchbox and to our utter amazement had a fire going in jiffy time. Now we wouldn't be without them. Besides being safety matches and nearly impervious to water, the matches resist wind by the simple expe-



dient of having the tip extend half the length of the wooden matchstick, so the flare time is far longer than a regular match. They are hard to beat for any outdoors use, whether boating, camping or just lighting the charcoal grill. We keep a couple of packs in the car in case we have to light flares on the highway. We can send you 6 boxes of Hurricane Matches, 20 to a box, for $2.50 postpaid. You won't do better until you find a match that actually lights *under* water. (A-43)

FAST FOOD THE ORIENTAL WAY

The wok is to Chinese cooking what toe shoes are to ballet—simple instruments that make possible many delicacies. A wok is basically a sloping steel pan with handles. As a cooking surface, it distributes heat over a wide area while concentrating liquid at the bottom. This permits a maximum of searing with a minimum of shortening, just what the stir-fry technique of Chinese cooking calls for. Because the ingredients are sliced, chopped, cubed or shredded, wok cooking takes only a few moments—3 to 8 minutes. This speed preserves delicate flavor nuances lost to other cooking methods. Above all, a wok is flexible. Besides a stir-fryer, it can serve as griddle, omelette pan, roasting pan, soup kettle or paella dish. It will work on a charcoal fire or on an electric or gas range. **Tools for Living** has located a good starter set for anyone who wants to sample the special taste, fun, and speed of wok cooking. The set includes a 14″ steel wok, an aluminum cover, a steel adapter ring for stovetops, a wok cookbook, stainless steel cooking implements (ladle and shovel), and a pack of chopsticks. The box it comes in doubles as a storage place. The whole package costs $26.50 postpaid. It opens up a new universe of cooking. (A-48)

Vagaries of weather. The greatest season snowfall measured in North America occurred during the winter of 1970-71 when 1,027 inches of snow fell at the Paradise Ranger Station in Washington.

STEPPING UP IN THE WORLD

A folding step-stool won't do away with *all* your worries about upward mobility, but it sure will take care of those times when you wish you were a few inches taller in order to reach something you need. The Easy-Step is the best product of its kind we've seen. It is made of tubular steel on an A-frame principle, making it quite stable and sturdy. There are two steps, 10″ and 22″ high. The top step has a vinyl cover and a curved back support, and converts to a comfortable stool. The lock-release mechanism is easy-to-use and the whole thing folds down to 4½″ wide for storage. This is an equally handy item for home or apartment. And where else these days can you assure even a little upward mobility for $21.50, which is what the Easy-Step costs postpaid. (A-44)

Dry run. Rats can go longer without water than camels.

Send to: TOOLS FOR LIVING c/o Saturday Review Magazine
1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019

item #	qty	description	price

total enclosed _____

☐ check enclosed ☐ Visa ☐ Master Charge

card# _____ expiration date _____

name _____

address _____

city _____ state _____ zip _____

7/79

(Advertisement)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

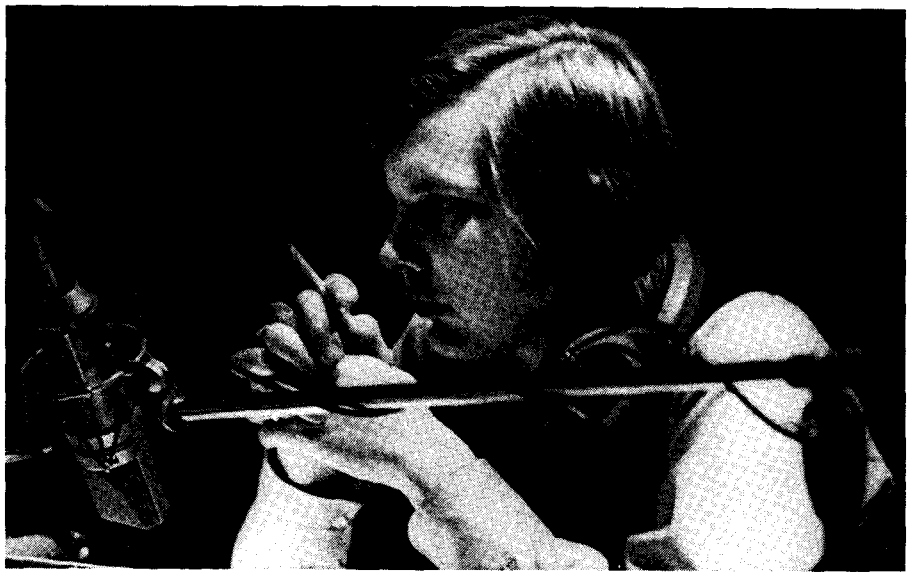
Now Hear This

ALMOST BY happy accident we have developed a first-rate public radio system that in some ways outpaces its television counterpart. National Public Radio began as an incidental afterthought in the legislation that established PBS back in 1970. Operating as an independent public corporation on a sixpence budget, NPR has somehow managed to stitch together a network of 222 noncommercial member stations, most of them on the FM band, which provide a civilized alternative to jukebox broadcasting. Discovering NPR is like coming upon a prize painting in the family attic—a windfall bonus we had little right to expect.

Public radio offers a varied fare of reportage, drama, and music, all ad-free. One of its showcase offerings is *All Things Considered*, broadcast weekdays at 5 to 6:30 PM and weekends 5 to 6 PM, a news magazine skillfully co-hosted by Susan Stamberg and Bob Edwards. True to its name, the program wanders blithely over the human landscape, with reports on everything from food fads and the Three Mile Island nuclear accident to the baseball career of comeback pitcher Jim Bouton. One continuing feature followed the progress of the Broadway musical *Ballroom* from its authorial inception to its closing night.

What most impresses me is NPR's role as a national public playhouse. The network actually commissions plays; Arthur Kopit's *Wings*, for example, had its debut on radio before it became a hit on the New York stage. To its regular drama series, *Earplay*, NPR has added *The Masterpiece Radio Theatre*, an aural spinoff of the PBS program, which will offer us, among other programs, *Moby Dick* and Edith Wharton's *House of Mirth*. In a further coup, public radio has acquired the serial rights to *Star Wars*, which will be reborn as a space opera (BBC is the co-producer) this fall.

It is as a *producing* entity that NPR so obviously outdistances public television. Of course, the bill for 13 half-hour episodes of *Star Wars*, for instance, which will come to around $150,000 would buy you one such episode on television, and maybe a cup of coffee. But unlike public television, NPR has a national production studio in Washington, D.C., and therefore can originate programs (member stations are free to accept or refuse all offerings). By contrast, in public television, by deliberate Nixonian design, it's all local—no central production entity exists.



Edwards, co-host of All Things Considered, *which wanders blithely over the human landscape.*

The president of NPR is Frank Mankiewicz, a savvy former journalist and onetime press secretary to Robert F. Kennedy. Under the craggy authority of Mankiewicz, public radio's federal funding has risen from $8.14 million in fiscal 1978 to $12.56 million in fiscal 1979. With this comparative pittance, and with a modest assist from corporate funding, he has put together an energetic young staff plus such veterans as Dan Schorr, formerly of CBS, and Pauline Frederick, formerly of NBC.

With some warrant, Mankiewicz feels that time is on NPR's side. A major breakthrough is due next spring when the system's single telephone-line feed will be replaced by a satellite that can beam up to 20 programs simultaneously. "Satellite sound quality is breathtaking," says Mankiewicz, "you honestly cannot believe that the voices are crossing a continent." NPR's live coverage of Senate debates on SALT, or whatever, will soon have a compelling immediacy. And NPR will be able to carry live broadcasts of concerts and operas, thereby enriching its already strong musical programming (current offerings include *Jazz Alive!* and an adventurous *World of Opera*).

Moreover, the FM band is less and less a handicap; the majority of new cars are now sold with AM-FM sets, giving public radio greater access to the most captive of audiences. Mankiewicz has endorsed a congressional measure that would require all new radio sets costing more than $15 to carry both bands (he asserts that adding FM adds only about $2 to production costs of AM radios). As it is, NPR reaches a regular national audience of around four or five million, even though public radio member stations account for only 3 percent of all radio stations (by comparison, roughly a quarter of all TV stations are public).

Habit, stubborn habit, and sheer ignorance of NPR's existence constitute the main barriers to growth. Television viewers choose programs, but radio listeners loyally select stations.Starting late, NPR has to reeducate an audience already hooked by existing formats. And the print media haven't been much help; magazines ignore radio and most newspapers limit their coverage to listings of frequencies.

I offer this suggestion to *SR* readers. Write, first of all, to National Public Radio, 2025 M Street NW, Washington, DC 20036, and ask for the card listing all NPR stations in 48 states. Assuming you have an FM receiver, and OPEC permitting, the NPR Force may be with you on your next holiday trip. Second, check your newspaper for radio program listings; if it carries none, send a civil note to the editor requesting that NPR programs be listed. Having accidentally acquired a superlative public radio system, we should not allow it to continue to be treated as an ears-only secret.

—Karl E. Meyer

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

High-Class Flop

IF I WERE Ron Clark and Sam Bobrick, I don't know what I'd do. Over the past nine years, these gentlemen have co-written three comedies that have played a grand total of 17 performances on Broadway—most recently, *Murder at the Howard Johnson's*. This may sound like last issue's essay bemoaning New York's current callousness toward flops, but the point's different. Those flops should never have been produced. On the other hand, Clark and Bobrick's plays have been among Broadway's cleverest and just plain funniest. I can't believe they flopped, and if *I* can't believe it, what about Ron Clark and Sam Bobrick? This is a team that seems afflicted with some mythic malady, a variation on Cassandra's curse: They can write funny and intelligent plays, but only as long as nobody appreciates them.

Bobrick and Clark made their Broadway debut in 1970 with *Norman, Is That You?*, a play about a middle-class couple that discovers its son is gay. Even now such news would be upsetting indeed for middle-class parents—and an unusually touchy basis for a Broadway comedy's plot. The play challenged the audience's most accepted values, in their own language—the language of commercial theater. For it looked and played like a regular comedy, and it was directed like one by George Abbott, Broadway personified.

New York's powerful daily critics panned the hell out of the play, and it closed after 12 performances (which would turn out to be a record engagement for the authors). Unsurprisingly, the play subsequently became a European hit, as *Pauvre France* (*Poor France*) in Paris and as *Bitte Nichte Stören* (*Please Do Not Disturb*) in Frankfurt.

Three years later, Bobrick and Clark managed the same trick all over again; that time, with *No Hard Feelings*—a perfectly innocuous title. The director was Abe Burrows, who is as close to George Abbott as you can get without actually being Abbott. Burrows, a swift-paced and sure-footed director of commercial farce, took Bobrick and Clark, as Abbott had, for standard playwrights of standard comedy even though, once more, they were challenging the values of their middle-class audience.

No Hard Feelings set out to indict the marriage of compromise in which a woman exchanges her existence for a house and wardrobe. Its heroine, a

Dishy and Van Patten as unloving couple.

mother, refuses to be satisfied by her boring, sexually dead, golf-playing businessman husband. This lady was presented reasonably, as no secret artist or intellectual. But her husband is astounded by her lunacy—*leave all this?* But leave it she does, clothes and home and even her daughter's fancy wedding; she leaves all for a younger man and, at curtain, gets away with it.

The play was not perfect—as a matter of fact it wasn't as well written as *Norman, Is That You?* But it was funny and intelligent and certainly pertinent to the people who flock to Broadway comedies starring Nanette Fabray and Eddie Albert (as this one did). Moreover, just like *Norman, Is That You?*, this play jabbed its own audience, and in that respect it was even astonishing and revolutionary. It ought to have worked wonderfully for the authors but it didn't.

With *No Hard Feelings* closing after a single performance in 1973, Bobrick and Clark were, as you might guess, away from Broadway for a while. Clark co-wrote movie scripts (Mel Brooks's *High Anxiety* and *Silent Movie* among them) and Bobrick worked on a musical version of *Merton of the Movies*. Finally, this year, they took another crack at Broadway. This time it would be directed by Paul Sills, who could understand the Bobrick-Clark quirky humor and sharp mentality since he'd developed such comedians as Nichols and May and Alan Arkin when he was working with the Second City troupe in Chicago.

The new play was called *Murder at the Howard Johnson's* and this was its plot: It seems that Arlene Miller (Joyce Van Patten) wants to leave her husband Paul (Bob Dishy) for her dentist Mitchell (Tony Roberts). Since adoring Paul won't give her a divorce, Arlene and Mitchell decide to murder him. They fail. Six months later, when she is betrayed by Mitchell, Arlene plots to murder him with Paul's help. *They* fail. Six months after that, having both been betrayed by Arlene (who has now fallen for a Werner Erhard type), Paul and Mitchell plan to murder *her*. All three murders are attempted and frustrated in Howard Johnson's motel rooms (one actually involves the construction of a gallows).

The plot sounds more organized than it played, I'd guess because at some time during rewrites the script was stripped of the reason it was written. The play was surely meant to be, once more, about the middle-class Bobrick and Clark have dealt with earlier. The characters are all middle-America prototypes (a used-car salesman, a dentist, a housewife); the murders are all attempted on quintessentially American holidays—Christmas, the Fourth of July, New Year's Eve; and of course Howard Johnson's is the very symbol of middle America.

But somehow in the midst of director troubles (switching from Sills to Marshall W. Mason), the material connecting these signposts was taken away, depriving the play of its purpose. It came out more like a long sketch than a comedy. Still, it was magnificently zany. When, after all, did you last hear of a murder weapon—a *Kenmore* pistol—being bought at Sears?

In the bargain, the production featured superlative straightmanship by Tony Roberts, setting up a bravura performance by Bob Dishy, the rare actor who has the spirit of a clown.

Murder at the Howard Johnson's played four performances before bowing to devastating pans from New York's daily critics. Once more, they didn't get the jokes. Few things are more difficult to understand than differing senses of humor, but Bobrick and Clark are on the side of the gods. All they have to find is another producer.

—Martin Gottfried

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSIC TO MY EARS

Solti and His Supersonic Orchestra

SIR GEORG SOLTI is one of the world's great conductors. When the Chicago Symphony is heard under his direction, it is among the world's finest orchestras. From a standing start in 1969, they have continued to move together, steadily upward and with a high sense of artistic rapport.

And now, in all considered judgment, it is my belief that they should end their year-in-and-year-out relationship, to meet together on some especially festive occasion, but otherwise go separate ways.

What nonsense! I can hear indignant voices complaining. Whoever heard of breaking up a winning combination?

And that is exactly the point. Making music is not a sport in which someone comes out a winner. A conductor and an orchestra reach the most sublime of heights when the applause at the end is lavished on the composer, not on the precision of the second violin section or the unanimity of a brass choir sending chills up and down the spine of listeners impatient to explode into bravos.

During the most recent series of Carnegie Hall concerts (in May), Solti and the orchestra were heard five times. One program (both were repeated) offered a pairing of Beethoven's Symphony No. 4 and the Sixth of Bruckner. The other began with the prelude to Moussorgsky's *Khovantchina*, followed by the First Symphony of Shostakovich and the Ninth (in C Major) of Schubert. There was also a concert version of Beethoven's *Fidelio*, with a too-large chorus.

The best results were achieved in the Moussorgsky prelude, a quietly beautiful evocation of dawn breaking over Moscow's Red Square (ca. 1600). I have heard many fine performances of Rimsky-Korsakoff's version, but never a more just and loving one than Solti and his ensemble brought off.

Every detail was in place, each one a tile in a mosaic polished to a shining uniformity of pictorial purpose. But the same procedure, applied on a grander scale to the four symphonies, left substantial areas of exposition unfilled, despite the climactic roar that greeted the last chord in all but the Beethoven. The Fourth Symphony's ending chord is only *fortissimo*.

In the break it came to mind that a few weeks earlier the calendar had come around to the hundredth birthday of the late Sir Thomas Beecham (April 29, 1879). With it came a copy of the English

CHICAGO TRIBUNE, COURTESY LONDON RECORDS

Sir Georg Solti—He conducts to win .

periodical, *The Gramophone*, which had a commemorative article on the great man by conductor Denis Vaughan. Along with a feast of anecdotes and reminiscences was one pungent commentary on the conducting of one of his greatest contemporaries with whose methods he differed. Said Sir Thomas, his own aims were: "To illuminate the composer *and* the work."

Whether this was indeed a shortcoming of Toscanini, the conductor in question, may, for the moment be set aside. What cannot be set aside is the perception and rightness of Beecham's comparison between his objectives and those of so many highly rated present-day performers, not only conductors but soloists as well.

A perfect likeness of the score's notational values is evoked. The dynamics are all there, spread out like so many beeps on a radar screen: highs and lows, intermediate voices in all their gradations are perceptibly present. But a quintessential element is lacking. The work (in Beecham's phrase) has been illuminated but not the composer's psyche, purpose, auditory essence, personality.

The degree to which this has become the Solti-Chicago style was made only too clear by their treatment of the Shostakovich No. 1. It was written in the last year of the composer's conservatory period: He was 19, bright as a new kopeck, full of dash and musical specificity, in love with sound and the command of it which, by 1924, had already made him a fantastic pianist as well as a brilliantly gifted composer.

To judge from the way Solti tore into it, breaking tonal porcelain into wry, shattered rubble, the work might well have been the Seventh ("Leningrad") Symphony that Shostakovich wrote about 20 years later when the Nazis had his home city under siege. Rather than a playful lark illustrating Shostakovich on the brink of his career, No. 1 was, this time, a battlefield experience. To this critical mind, the outcome was never in doubt. Solti won, hands down.

As for the Schubert C Major, the Chicago-Solti performance was broadly laid out, intently pursued, impeccably prepared, marvelously well performed. It was, indeed, everything but Schubertian.

As an instance, the opening of the first movement is marked *allegro*, but also *ma non troppo* ("lively," but "not too much so").

At the pace that Solti preferred, it was both "lively" *and* "too much so." When he arrived at the later point where Schubert says *più mosso* ("All right now, 'faster'"), Solti's accelerated speed was quite out of place.

Of the four movements, the *scherzo* was most in keeping with Schubertian necessity, rhythmically firm, almost genial. And the finale went rocketing along, like a slightly off-center space vehicle. But no recourse to self-destruct was necessary. Solti has his orchestra conditioned to supersonic speeds, and the hand on the control (as in the later *Fidelio*) was always firm.

Having been a Solti-watcher, and listener, from his obscure beginnings in the mid-Fifties to his exalted heights of today, I am well aware of his mighty abilities. But I am also keenly conscious of the meat on which this our Caeser feeds—the lifeblood of applause, earned, induced, or merely provoked.

For a while (*SR* July 10, 1976) that was incited by such absurdities as Ravel's *Boléro* as an encore to Debussy's *La Mer*. Now it is built into programs in which the orchestra is all but whipped into producing something more startling than the last time around.

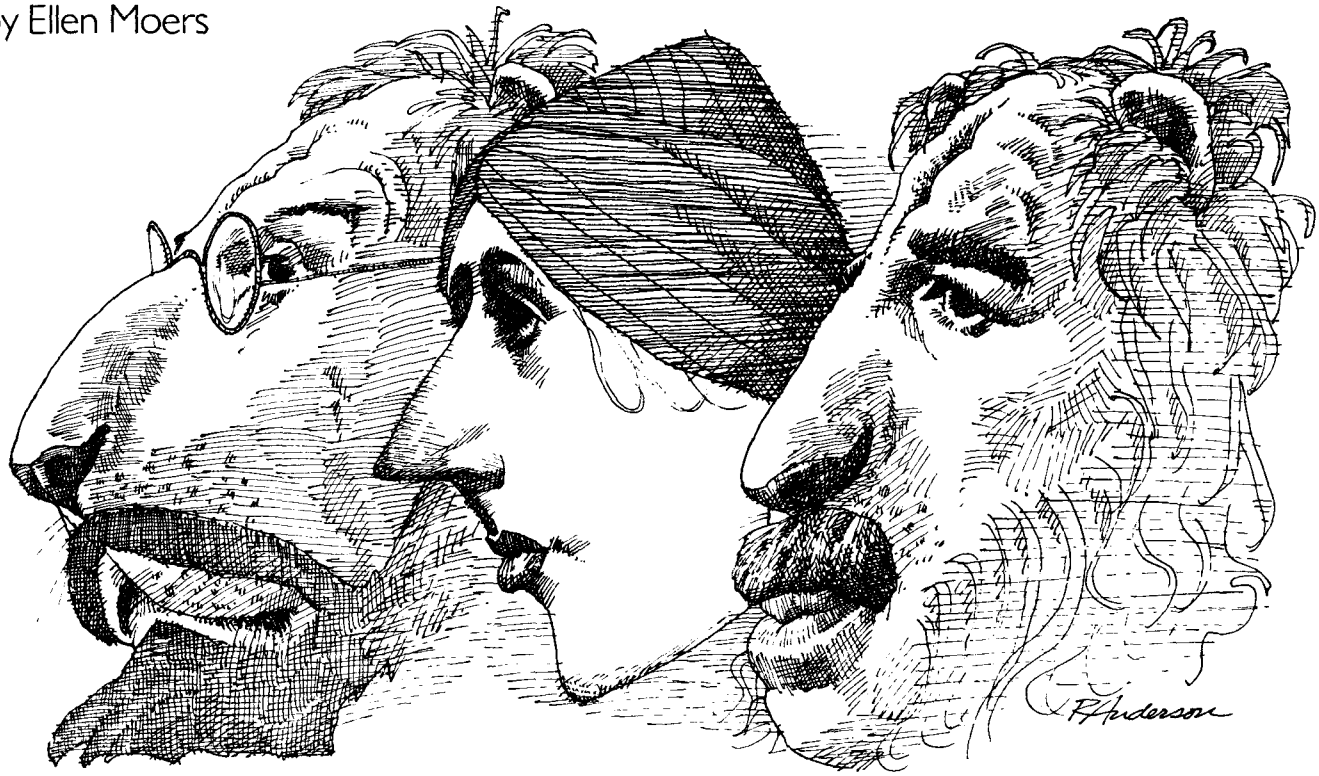
The next time you see, and hear, Solti and the orchestra, look at the tension and anxiety among the players. That's not music, that's madness. They deserve different leadership and more civilized musical objectives.

—Irving Kolodin

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Those Dangerous Bloomsberries

by Ellen Moers



Three of the lions—Lytton Strachey, Virginia Woolf, John Maynard Keynes.

Bloomsbury: A House of Lions
by Leon Edel
Lippincott, 287 pp., $12.95

ONLY LEON EDEL would have the nerve to write, without benefit of any significant new discoveries, another book about Bloomsbury. Only Leon Edel is entitled to that nerve for, as one of the masters of the 20th-century art of biography, author of the five-volume life of Henry James, Leon Edel can now do anything (biographically speaking) that he dam' pleases. His motive for writing a book about the principal writers and artists of the English Bloomsbury group from the 1890s to 1920 is not that he wants to set the record straight, or revise it, or attack it, but simply because he pleases. And pleasure—pleasure in narrative skills, in graceful writing, in his lavishly shared enjoyment in the "radiant personalities" of the Bloomsberries—is what his *Bloomsbury: A House of Lions* offers both those who consider themselves specialists to the point of surfeit in Bloomsburiana, and those who have not yet read a word on the subject.

It would be difficult for a reader to find himself in the latter category. In the last quarter century studies of the Bloomsbury group have been published by J. K. Johnstone, S. P. Rosenbaum, Quentin Bell, Carolyn Heilbrun, and most recently Richard Shone, who concentrated on the painters (Vanessa Bell and Duncan Grant). There have been first-rate biographies of major Bloomsbury figures (Michael Holroyd's Strachey, Roy Harrod's Keynes, P. N. Furbank's Forster) and memoirs by Desmond and Mary McCarthy, Clive Bell, and Leonard Woolf. Most abundant and most fascinating have been the products of the recent Virginia Woolf industry. Ever since Quentin Bell's best-selling 1972 biography, the BloomsBellies have been editing or sponsoring yearly volumes of Virginia Woolf's letters, diaries, memoirs, and uncollected or unpublished writings. By general consent today, Virginia Woolf appears to be the most important Bloomsbury writer and the main reason for sustained interest in the group.

Fanned rather than dampened by all these publications, especially by the waspish running commentary in Mrs. Woolf's private writings, controversy over Bloomsbury has continued to rage. Was it a group at all and, if so, who were and who were not its members? Was it a casual coterie based on family relationships and college friendships, or an organized movement— "the only genuine *movement* in English civilization," E.M. Forster once said. Was it a snobbish clique venomously fanged against the ordinary middle classes, or against heterosexuals, or just outsiders? Was it a brilliant vanguard that produced masterpieces of modernist thought and art? Or a rather provincial set whose private incomes enabled them to dabble in the wake of their genuinely innovative contemporaries, such as Proust and Joyce and Stein and Eliot and Pound (none of

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whom was English, much less "Bloomsbury")? Will the name Bloomsbury finally stand for the glory of English creativity in the early 20th century or for a seedy section of London surrounding the British Museum and its great collections of the artistic and intellectual residue of the British past?

To Leon Edel, Bloomsbury was indeed a group and one that exercised considerable power in the 1910s, but he is hardly in a controversial frame of mind. Perhaps because he was born in Pittsburgh, educated in Canada and France, a professor at Harvard and NYU and now Hawaii, Edel embarks upon this subject with a charmingly old-fashioned view of the English as the race that "has more refined 'the pleasures of human intercourse'" than any since the ancient Athenians. And of this refined civilization he considers Bloomsbury the purest distillation.

Everything about the Bloomsberries enchants him: their genealogies and schooldays; their "arrogance and mischief"; their frivolities and work ethic; their clothes and their furnishings; their interlacing ambisexual relationships; their humanitarianism and their aristocratic remoteness from the common lot. An eminent lady once told Edel she found Bloomsbury boring. He is incredulous: "They were the least boring people in the world, for they had intelligence and charm, though no doubt a certain high and gentry view of civilization."

Edel begins with a bold and surprising stroke: the coming up to Trinity College from St. Paul's of Leonard Woolf, son of a Jewish barrister and Queen's Counsel. Then he proceeds to the unlikely friendships made for a lifetime between Woolf and a group of young men of very different backgrounds, all of whom found themselves at Cambridge at the turn of the century: Strachey, Bell, Saxon-Turner, Keynes, MacCarthy, and Thoby Stephen. The last of these introduced his sisters Vanessa and Virginia to the rest, whose hostesses, landladies, colleagues, wives, and lovers they would soon become.

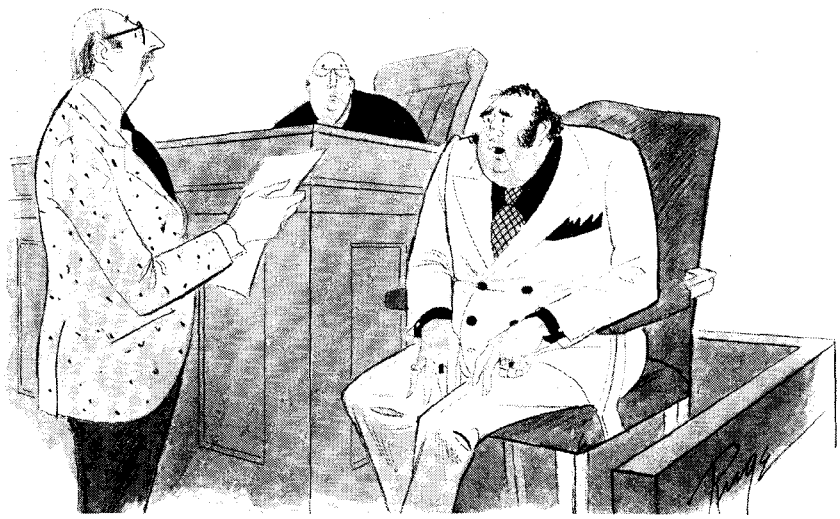
Edel keeps Leonard Woolf very much at the solid center of his narrative, not as the "penniless Jew" that Virginia Stephen liked to say she married, but as student and thinker, first-rate colonial administrator in Ceylon, novelist, political theorist, architect of the League of Nations, literary editor, and publisher. What results is not, however, a static portrait sketch of Woolf (or any of the others). Instead, Edel artfully interweaves the episodes of Woolf's career with parallels in other Bloomsbury lives in order to create a compelling and dramatic narrative of interlocking fates. For example, he uses the almost simultaneous journeys that in 1911 brought Woolf back to London from Ceylon, and Clive and Vanessa Bell, Roger Fry, and Virginia Stephen home from Turkey. Or the journeys that, three years later, dispatched Desmond MacCarthy to ambulance driving in France and Keynes to the Treasury (where he went to preserve the bank rate) on a motorcycle.

If sometimes separated by their journeys, the Bloomsberries regrouped in the clubs they inveterately founded or in the communal ventures on which they periodically embarked: the two post-Impressionist exhibitions, the Omega Workshop, the Hogarth Press. Along the way they leased a series of famous houses in Bloomsbury or in the country: 46 Gordon Square, Asheham, 38 Brunswick Square, Charleston, Hogarth House, all evoked by Edel as if living presences, with their anti-Victorian color schemes, their post-Impressionist murals, their primitive plumbing, and futuristic communal housekeeping.

Most artful of all is what Edel does with the recurring metaphors on which he relies, with both scholarly justification and novelistic panache, to make a pattern of his narrative: the rock and the volcano for Thoby and Vanessa, the mirror that haunts Virginia with memories of death, the animals and birds that all the Bloomsberries invoked to summarize each other's special quality. Clive Bell and his mistress Mary Hutchinson seem to Virginia Woolf a pair of cockatoos; Adrian Stephen beside his sister Virginia looks to Henry James "like a giraffe beside an ostrich"; Keynes looks back on the young Bloomsberries as "water spiders, gracefully skimming, as light and as reasonable as air, the surface of the stream without any contact at all with the eddies and currents beneath." For Edel they are all lions, "dangerous ... and full of fascination and mystery," as he quotes Virginia Woolf's description of their corner of the zoo.

Edel brings his narrative to a close with the founding of the Memoir Club in 1920, which denoted Bloomsbury's entry into middle age and the group's systematic attention to recollections of their past. Taking farewell, he disarmingly reveals the source of his own delighted sympathy with the Bloomsberries, which he has so triumphantly conveyed. It is that principal among their gifts was their bent for the art of biography—Strachey's lives, Keynes's biographical sketches, Virginia Woolf's life-centered criticism and often biographical fictions. Even the portraits in which Vanessa Bell and Duncan Grant specialized are, as Edel points out, visual biography. To tell the Bloomsbury story "in biographical form, as if it were a novel, and be loyal to all my materials was the delicate and amusing task I set myself," he writes in Jamesian accents. He has carried it off.

Ellen Moers is the author of Literary Women *and* Harriet Beecher Stowe and American Literature, *among other books. She is presently at work on a comparative study of 19th-century English and American literature.*



"I hit Big Angie eight times with the fire ax and then threw him into the East River because of peer pressure."

More Murder, Less Christmas

Dickens: A Life
by Norman and Jeanne MacKenzie
Oxford, 434 pp., $16.95

Reviewed by John Romano

I'D BETTER DEAL at once with the unpleasant aspects of reviewing a biography. You have to decide whether the newest contender defeats the reigning champ. That is, you must say whether a learned, lengthy work such as *Dickens: A Life*, by Norman and Jeanne MacKenzie, should be considered the "stan-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dickens, whose darker side was as tyrannical as that of any of his villains.

dard" life, the single work to which students of the subject will need to refer from now on. To date the standard biography of Dickens has been a formidable character. Weighing in at two volumes back in 1952, Edgar Johnson's *Charles Dickens: His Tragedy and Triumph* was slimmed down, updated, and reissued in 1977. It was—and continues to be—an entirely admirable achievement.

For scholarly thoroughness, sensitivity, and critical insight, it belongs to a select company of literary lives that includes Schorer's Sinclair Lewis and Richard Ellmann's Joyce. Professor Johnson's research multiplied what was known of Dickens's career, and especially of his character. The record of facts aside, Johnson made the man live—first of all in the splendid brilliance of his public personage, as novelist, social reformer, editor, speaker, and actor, but also in the hues and tones of his private self, darker, more obsessed and tyrannical than all but a few speculative observers had guessed. Johnson followed up the hints of Edmund Wilson and George Gissing, among others, and placed serious weight on the underside of Dickens's bright genius: more murder, less Christmas.

First let me dispense with the contest and the awarding of prizes. After five rounds—they don't go the distance—Professor Johnson has defended his title. With hardly a scratch on him. And from ringside, I think I can say why.

First, the strength of the MacKenzie book. Partly because it draws on a vast work of scholarship currently in progress, the so-called Pilgrim Edition of Dickens's letters that Oxford University Press began releasing in 1966, the new life is a mightily detailed, darn near exhaustive collation of known data. Tediously but scrupulously, it provides the best possible chronology of ascertainable fact about the busiest literary life of the 19th century. But the moment the authors stray from the blandest notation of date or time of day or literal doings, or lift their head to comment on motives or meanings, they are likely to say something wrong or foolish. This is because: a) far from understanding Dickens's ideas, Norman and Jeanne MacKenzie don't quite know that he *had* any; b) as readers of his novels they are downright incompetent; c) they do not understand his life. Consequently the MacKenzies turned an immensity of research into a bad, boring book.

Here's a morsel of badness, served cold, from column A:

He had a relatively simple view of human nature. He assumed that a child had inborn innocence which was later corrupted by neglect or cruelty, and that the only saving response to the evils of society was to attack the worst abuses and to rely upon personal kindness to redress the harm they caused.

Now this "simple view of human nature" looks suspiciously like somebody's summary of what the rest of us call Romanticism, which is usually considered far from simple. To most people, the body of ideas superintended by the notion of "inborn innocence," later corrupted by society, represents an historical cataclysm of sensibility. John Locke and Rousseau and Blake and Wordsworth loom in the background—perhaps their views could also be made to sound simple—and Dickens's relation to their thinking is in fact deeply troubled and ambivalent. For all his obvious sympathy with some of its principal tenets, Dickens tends to put his most overt Romanticism into the mouths of fools and rascals among his characters.

In *Nicholas Nickleby*, the very novel the MacKenzies are discussing above, the monstrous, illiterate schoolmaster Squeers not only erupts in unconscious parodies of Wordsworthian nature-raptures— "She's a rum'un, is Natur.... Oh what a blessed thing, sir, to be in a state of Natur!"—but also defends his exploitation of his poor student-wards by echoing the revolt against classical pedagogy: "We go upon the practical mode of teaching," he says. "C-l-e-a-n, clean, verb active, to make bright, to scour. W-i-n, win, d-e-r, der, winder, a casement. When the boy knows this out of book, he goes and does it." Dickens in some places is busy savaging the philosophy he elsewhere espouses; but somehow none of this suggests the least complexity or self-conscious doubt to the MacKenzies.

In the second part of our test sample, the assertion that Dickens's "only saving response" to social ills is personal kindness and attacks on particular abuses, the authors show a marked insensitivity to the ideational climate of the 1830s. As Raymond Williams has frequently pointed out, Dickens's emphasis on personal charity and attacks on particular grievances—such as the conditions in Poor Law orphanages or Chancery or the divorce laws—were actually a re-

You're sentenced to page after page of hard laughter...

The Witness Who Spoke with God

and Other Tales from the Courthouse

MILTON S. GOULD

"The most entertaining book I have read in months."
—Arthur Schlesinger Jr.

$12.95 The Viking Press

Luxury on the Maine Coast.

A modern year-round resort complex in the spectacular down-east seascape of Penobscot Bay. 230 oceanside acres with an 18-hole championship golf course, indoor and outdoor swimming pools and tennis courts. Enjoy evenings in our music-filled lounge, and in our superb dining room which features lobsters fresh from the ocean. 150 guest rooms, each with its own private balcony overlooking the sea. A variety of meeting and function rooms, too. Special packages for couples or groups, for weekends or weeks.

For reservations or information, write or call collect.

Samoset RESORT & CONFERENCE CENTER
Dept. O
Rockport, Maine 04856
(207) 594-2511

If You Love Words,

you'll love **VERBATIM**, The Language Quarterly dealing with all aspects of language. Send $5.00 (U.S.) or $5.50 (elsewhere) for a 1-year subscription, starting with the current issue. Money back if not pleased. Allow 6 weeks.

VERBATIM POST OFFICE BOX 668 BX ESSEX, CT. 06426 U.S.A.

MOVING?

PLEASE NOTIFY US SIX WEEKS IN ADVANCE

Name (please print)

New Address Apt. No.

City

State Zip

ATTACH MAGAZINE LABEL HERE

Attach magazine label above for address change—or any inquiry about your subscription—and mail to SATURDAY REVIEW, P.O. Box 10010, Des Moines, Iowa 50340. Or call Toll Free (800)247-5470.

TO SUBSCRIBE CHECK BELOW AND FILL IN NAME AND ADDRESS ABOVE

☐ Send me 1 year of SATURDAY REVIEW for $16.00. Outside U.S. add $3.00

Saturday Review

For information about editorial or advertising content, please write to SATURDAY REVIEW, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sponse to the depersonalized overviews of society taken by influential liberals like Malthus or Bentham.

In computing the greatest good for the greater number, the "Philosophical Radicals" and Utilitarians fostered disregard of individual suffering, and depreciated the moral value of a private act, and thereby of the private self. It's striking that the authors of a competent book on *The Fabians* (1977) should miss the pertinence of Dickens's social insight; if nothing else, George Bernard Shaw's solemn respect for Dickens might have alerted them that the novelist had something humanizing to say.

Instead they think of their subject as a gaudy entertainer, airily free in his writings of psychological truth:

> Dickens was a writer of fairy-tales, full of terrors and wonders and magical changes of fortune; he had learned his humours from Jonson, his melodrama from Fielding and Smollet... and his characters smelt of lamp-oil and grease-paint. He used his prose to entertain.

If I can keep myself calm despite having just now copied down this nonsense, I'll be able to say once and clearly, Dickens did indeed make use of fairy-tale elements, and his prose is—by all means, yes—wonderfully entertaining. His novels are also (should one have to say this?) unfathomably profound. That's why some of those who think best and hardest about literature have associated Dickens more and more with the Shakespeare/Cervantes/Sophocles end of the spectrum rather than with run-of-the-mill geniuses like Smollet, or with Thackeray, about whom it's my hunch the MacKenzies wish they were writing.

Someone will no doubt object that *Dickens: A Life* was not meant to be a critical biography, and its accounts of the novels are incidental, whatever their faults. The trouble is, though, that the authors' obtuseness to the difficulties of the mind of Charles Dickens shows up inevitably in their reading of his character. Though their flat-footed but thorough chronology of events in the life is welcome, at times the MacKenzies are just about the only people in the room who don't know the meaning of what they've told us. Two examples will suffice.

There's an episode from Dickens's stay in Genoa in 1844–45 which is, from a psychoanalytic point of view, rather tricky. Near the palazzo where Dickens is staying with his wife Kate and their large household live the de la Rues, a Swiss banker and his attractive wife, who are friendly with the famous young novelist. Madame suffers from hysterical nightmares, in which a phantom-like, distinctly sexual male figure torments her. Dickens, as an accomplished amateur mesmerist, begins treating Madame with hypnosis, alone, daily, sometimes in the middle of the night. Eventually Kate Dickens makes her husband break off the treatments. The MacKenzies say:

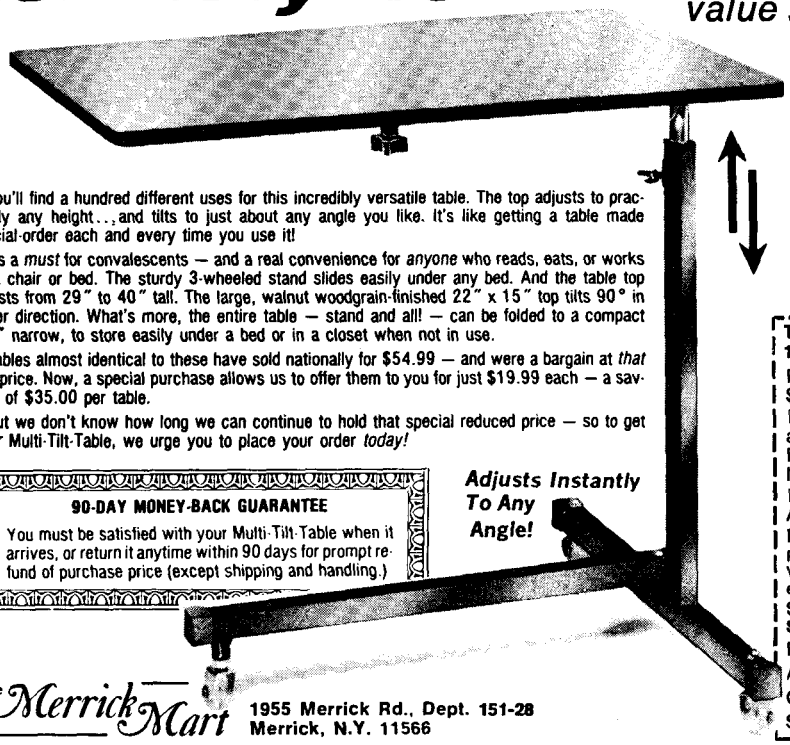
> Kate was excusably upset. While Dickens devoted himself sympathetically to the emotional problems of his attractive friend he was stubbornly insensitive to the way in which he was upsetting his newly pregnant wife. It seems to have been thoughtlessness, rather than ill will, which made him neglect her, for he was not so much interested in Augusta de la Rue as in her intriguing mental state, and he was obviously captivated by the effect of his mesmeric activities.

"Thoughtlessness, rather than ill will"! As if either were the issue here! By their own careful account, Dickens has barely recovered from an infatuation with a young pianist from the North, and still dreams inviting dreams of his young, pretty sister-in-law who has died. He has become restless with his growing number of children, while his wife is "newly pregnant," and he is increasingly impatient with Kate's slowness and clumsiness of manner. There is unmistakably a phantom-sexuality in his liaison with Madame de la Rue.

So convenient in office, bedroom, den!

Versatile Multi-Tilt-Top Table!

Now Only $19.99! *Comparable value $54.99*



You'll find a hundred different uses for this incredibly versatile table. The top adjusts to practically any height... and tilts to just about any angle you like. It's like getting a table made special-order each and every time you use it!

It's a *must* for convalescents — and a real convenience for *anyone* who reads, eats, or works on a chair or bed. The sturdy 3-wheeled stand slides easily under any bed. And the table top adjusts from 29" to 40" tall. The large, walnut woodgrain-finished 22" x 15" top tilts 90° in either direction. What's more, the entire table — stand and all! — can be folded to a compact 2½" narrow, to store easily under a bed or in a closet when not in use.

Tables almost identical to these have sold nationally for $54.99 — and were a bargain at *that* low price. Now, a special purchase allows us to offer them to you for just $19.99 each — a savings of $35.00 per table.

But we don't know how long we can continue to hold that special reduced price — so to get *your* Multi-Tilt-Table, we urge you to place your order *today!*

90-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

You must be satisfied with your Multi-Tilt-Table when it arrives, or return it anytime within 90 days for prompt refund of purchase price (except shipping and handling.)

Adjusts Instantly To Any Angle!

The Merrick Mart

1955 Merrick Rd., Dept. 151-28
Merrick, N.Y. 11566

The Merrick Mart, Dept. 151-28
1955 Merrick Rd., Merrick, New York 11566

Please RUSH me _____ Tilt-Top Table(s) #99961 at just $19.99 purchase price plus $3.00 shipping and handling each
☐ SAVE! Send TWO at just $36.99 plus $5.00 shipping and handling.
Enclosed is my ☐ check or ☐ money order for $_____
I prefer to charge my
☐ VISA ☐ Master Charge
Account Number _____
MC Interbank # _____ Card Expires _____
PHONE YOUR ORDER TOLL-FREE: If you have Master Charge or Visa, phone 800-645-3197 ext. 2 (In N.Y. State phone 800-228-2021 ext. 2) 24 hrs. 7 days per week.
Signature _____
Sorry, no C.O.D.'s (N.Y. residents add sales tax.)
Print Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Whether Dickens did more than mesmerize her or not, the sessions are implicitly erotic. In particular, Dickens's self-delight in his mesmeric powers can't be separated from an erotic pleasure; throughout his life he is moved, deeply and even sensually, by the exercise of intimate, emotional power over others.

Which brings us to another, later episode in which the new book's explanation of its own facts is disappointing: the public reading tours at the end of Dickens's life, in which he read from his works so dramatically and vehemently that it's usually thought to be one of the reasons for his premature death at 58. Why the infirm Dickens pushed himself on to tour after tour is something of a puzzle, though the readings were extremely popular, in America as well as in England. In New York in 1868, for instance, "The night before the tickets went on sale at Steinway Hall a line of people stretched half a mile down the street, and many brought blankets and mattresses to protect themselves against the severe cold. By morning there were over five thousand in the queue." Before he left the city, 40,000 heard him read—numbers all but a few rock bands would envy even today. The American tour was grueling, but the take was large: Dickens cleared almost £20,000. Was it for the money that Dickens did it?

The authors certainly think so. But then why, when Dickens had enough money and more—eventually his will distributed £100,000—did he continue to force himself, against doctors' orders and his own good sense, to ever more demanding, almost violent public performances, such as a reading of the murder of Nancy from *Oliver Twist*? It's a paradox, the MacKenzies confess; but the explanation that Dickens was driven by a compulsion less palpable than lust for money hardly seems to have crossed their minds.

By the way, the story of Dickens's public readings is more complete here than it's been before. The testimony even of professionals like William Macready, the great Victorian actor, was that Dickens was as electrifying a performer as the age afforded; after hearing Dickens's *Oliver Twist*, the aged Macready sputtered: "It comes to this—er—two Macbeths!" So much of himself did Dickens pour into the portrayal of a scene of grim psychological horror that the reading ventures, with their hint of suicide, have always seemed an index to the obscure depths of guilt and pain and passion in the man himself. About these depths, Norman and Jeanne MacKenzie have one slender glimmering: that Dickens was "anxious." The word occurs on every other page, and it's the right word, for sure. But anxiety is a symptom, not a cause. To the causes and

Diamonds $5 apiece

THIS IS NOT A MISPRINT

Our firm has selected 1000 of the finest 1½ point diamonds in our vaults and will give them away on a first-come basis, until August 15 for the quixotic sum of exactly $5 apiece.

Each stone is a certified genuine diamond and will be accompanied by a Certificate of Authenticity from the American Appraisers Guild to that effect. (To confirm what such a stone is actually worth, offer your jeweler $5 for one of *his* 1½ point diamonds.)

Why do we offer diamonds this way?

Being neither philanthropists nor saints, we expect to gain more than we lose. What we expect to gain is publicity. Our firm is already known to the trade. But we wish to be better known to the general public—so that we may market our diamonds to them *directly* (and, we hope, more profitably) by eliminating dealers, middlemen, and retail stores. We are also understandably eager to gain the names of persons such as yourself, who have shown interest in diamonds, and who will constitute a valuable roster of potential clients to whom we can mail announcements of our special sales.

"A diamond is forever"—but this opportunity is only guaranteed until August 15, 1979

Our motives for this diamond offering are unabashedly self-serving. If you accept in the same spirit, I think we shall both be well pleased (or your money will of course be refunded at once without question). However, since this offering is limited, please respond promptly. Use our toll-free number below to avoid disappointment.

NOTE: ***Limit of one stone per address, but if your request is mailed before August 5th you may request a 2nd stone at the same price.***

H.M. Fisk
President

This offering has been notarized.

$5 DIAMOND REQUEST FORM

MAIL TO: H.M. Fisk Ltd., Dept. 151-37
Fisk Building • Box 300 • Jericho, N.Y. 11753

Please forward me a genuine 1½ point diamond as offered above, for which I need enclose only $5 plus $1 shipping, handling & insurance. (#8026)

☐ I am making this request before August 5th and exercise my option to request two diamonds for only $10 plus $2 shipping, handling & insurance.

Payment enclosed *or charge to my*
☐ VISA ☐ MASTER CHARGE

Card # _____

Exp. date _____

Amount: $ _____

N.Y. state residents add appropriate sales tax: $ _____

GRAND TOTAL: $ _____

Name _____ **Apt #** _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ **Zip** _____

***Save Time*—PHONE Request TOLL-FREE**

Call any time, **24-hours-a-day, 7-days-a-week,**—even Sat. & Sun. Phone 1-800-327-2777. (In Florida, phone 1-800-432-2766.) VISA or MASTER CHARGE card required.

© H.M. Fisk Ltd. 1979

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sources of the root contradictions and anguish in Charles Dickens, we are still in need of knowing and insightful guides.

John Romano teaches at Columbia University and is the author of Dickens and Reality.

Books in Brief

Blood of Spain: An Oral History of the Spanish Civil War
by Ronald Fraser
Pantheon, 628 pp., $15.95

THE SPANISH Civil War (1936-39) lives in many minds as a noble and tragically failed defense of popular democracy against the brutal rise of fascist dictatorship. More than a parochial Spanish contest, it summoned to Spain idealists of all kinds who saw there a chance to fight and possibly die, as one of them, Ernest Hemingway, said, "for something that they believed in."

But the events and alignments of the war defy a sharp division between the sentiment of democracy and the fascist will-to-power. The war ripped Spain apart along a dozen different fissures, casting class against class, region against region, neighbor against neighbor, brother against brother. Historians have labored to comprehend and clarify these complexities, but none has taken up Ronald Fraser's task. Leaving the broad sweep of historical causes and patterns to other pens, Fraser sets out to disclose "the lived experience of those who participated in events" by letting those participants speak for themselves.

Fraser interviewed some three hundred people, representing all parts of Spain and all segments of Spanish society, and then interwove their words with a recounting of selected local and national events. The result is a first-rate oral history, thick with the atmosphere of actuality.

Yet *Blood of Spain* is no easy introduction to the Civil War. The voices Fraser records and the connecting narrative he supplies show nothing so much as the bewildering variety of forces and alliances thrown into the fray: the left became enmeshed in a working-class revolution that divided its loyalties; impoverished peasants fought alongside their exploitative landlords out of a shared allegiance to the church; and the middle class vacillated between a respect for democracy and a desire for political order, many among them sighing relief when the white flag of surrender finally rose over Madrid before Franco's triumphant army.

Believing no systematic explanation—such as Marxism or social science—can encompass this maze of motives and facts, Fraser produces a vast historical patchwork. And although difficult to comprehend, this patchwork vividly recreates the confusion, idealism, and sorrows of Spain's most troubled days.

—JAMES SLOAN ALLEN

Devotion
by Botho Strauss
translated by Sophie Wilkins
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 120 pp., $8.95

THIS SLIM volume by the German playwright Botho Strauss is a dialogue of the writer with himself, and a brilliant, hard-edged analysis of the act of writing itself. As in his play *Big and Little,* which recently had its American pre-

RUTH WALZ

Botho Strauss—Interested in difficulties.

miere with the Phoenix Theatre Group in New York, Strauss is interested here in the difficulties of communication.

Richard Schroubek, the main character of *Devotion*, is a West Berlin bookseller whose lover, Hannah, has left him for reasons never explained. His act of devotion to Hannah is the writing of this novel, *Devotion*; Schroubek introduces it and dedicates it to "H." In a sputtering series of epigrammatic sentences and vignettes that are not more than a paragraph in length, he tells of his misery.

Schroubek's writing is the only action in the novel. The presence of the other characters (Hannah, the cleaning lady, another of Hannah's lovers) is so ephemeral that they seem like Schroubek's private hallucinations. Obsessed with writing, Schroubek sinks into self-loathing despair; he ceases going to work, does not change his clothes or bathe. "Getting a fix on reality never quite worked out," he tells us as the outside world becomes increasingly meaningless to him.

Commenting on Schroubek's state (and probably his own as a writer), Strauss says, "Richard's material was his own condition, a generally familiar kind of suffering, relatively harmless and yet, for the one enduring it, a hermetic world of its own." The spare abstract quality of Strauss's language is the reflection of his subject: the isolation of the self/artist in a world where no one really listens. While some readers will prefer the more richly furnished world of a novelist like V.S. Naipaul, this book by Botho Strauss is like a sculpture by Giacometti—clean, pared-down, and without a shred of unnecessary flesh.

—LORE DICKSTEIN

Silence
by Shusaku Endo
translated by William Johnston
Taplinger, 294 pp., $9.95

THE MODERNIST MARCH from Darwin and Hegel to a historical consciousness of constant flux has rendered the question of faith *versus* reason almost sterile as a literary theme, Graham Greene to the contrary. Japan is no different in this respect, but Shusaku Endo has wisely set his gripping novel about one man's struggle for belief in early 18th-century Japan when medieval samurai still held sway and the brutal process of expelling Christianity (and other Western influences) was in full flower—entire villages were destroyed, their priests tortured to death if they refused to apostatize by trampling on the *fumie*, a holy picture.

At the heart of *Silence,* whose title refers to God's muteness in the face of evil's savage triumph, throbs the sensitive, if vain, awareness of Sebastian Rodrigues, a young Portuguese Jesuit who has slipped into Japan with a fellow missionary to tend whatever native Christians they can find and to discover why Christovao Ferreira, a former teacher and hero, has apparently renounced his faith rather than endure a glorious martyrdom. Sebastian's own capture by the authorities, which had seemed inevitable from the start, gives the novel much of its impressive narrative power, as does the dramatic series of climactic confrontations with both Ferreira and Inoue, the Japanese magistrate who embodies a very contemporary marriage between intellect and detached inhumanity.

Although flawed by a somewhat simplistic grasp of philosophical complexities and a taste for elemental characterizations, Endo's terse tale has a subtle way of penetrating sophisticated thresholds into the cellar of self where more primitive emotions rule. We root for Sebastian to find salvation even as we reject the terms of his inner dilemma.

—EDWARD BUTSCHER

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OH, CUISINE!

Gastronomy Pour le Sport

WHEN I FIRST descended the steps from New York's West 51st Street into the Café des Sports, I found it a dark, comfortless place. Primitive sporting paintings were the only adornment on the somber walls. In the gloom a cluster of youngish Frenchmen in leather jackets muttered over *pastis* at the bar, smoked yellow cigarettes, and thumbed *l'Equipe*, the Paris sporting daily which is sometimes printed on yellow or pink paper. They fell silent when the stranger entered. A tough young bartender of eagle-like handsomeness detached himself and sidled, karate-chop fashion, down the bar in my direction. He served me without a word, then returned to his *copains*.

Several things made this introduction unusual. No one in New York is surprised to find a bar catering to Italians, Irishmen, Germans, or other melting potters, but a French community as such scarcely exists. Furthermore, just because a cafe is called "sports," does not necessarily mean that it is a sporting cafe, but such seemed to be the case here. I examined a photograph of a French soccer team on the mirror behind the bar. The bartender saw me staring, relented and said, "Football ... er ... soccer to you."

I happen to have a home in the south of France, and the photograph I was contemplating was of the team I cheered every weekend. I said, "*O.G.C.N., Olympique Gymnaste Club de Nice.*" I then filled the second stunned silence with the name of each of the players. The bartender thought it over and said, "What will you have?"

Lucien Lozach, who also owned the joint, thus accepted me as one of the tiny band of statutory Frenchmen found tolerable at the bar. I was and am the only one who can join as a peer in the nonstop jabber on French sport. The Café des Sports is unique. The West Side of New York abounds in admirable, authentic French restaurants, run either by Bretons like Lozach, or Pyrennéans. But the Café des Sports caters for *them*, the one place where ordinary Frenchmen and Frenchwomen go when they want to be among their own.

The spinoffs from my fraternity show in unexpected ways. If I am invited by my superiors to smart East Side restaurants, I am often accorded special service even though I might never have eaten there before. The reason may well

be that the waiter serving my table and I were arguing French soccer the night before at the bar of the Café des Sports.

I watched the place expand. The bar was moved to the other side of the room. It was discovered by the glamour boys and girls of Air France. Suddenly came the *coup de foudre*, an accolade from *Gourmet*, followed by another in *New York* magazine. The cafe's convenient location, on a sleazy street west of Eighth Avenue, made it an easy if graffiti-daubed walk from the achievement towers of Sixth Avenue. Today one must reserve a table. At the bar, lines of dry Martinis have replaced the Ricards and the Suzes, and the roar of vested-suited executives has tended to mute the French *baratin*.

The French have not gone, they are merely outnumbered. Lozach has never compromised with his restaurant or its Frenchness. The biggest compliment I ever heard paid it was from a Hollywood producer who went on my recommendation and *hated* it. For perhaps the first time I realized that there *were* people for whom quality meant price, plush and velvet, Morocco-bound wine lists, and an East Side location. "The place was just a Frog bar-and-grill" he said. *Ach so.*

The New Yorkers who favor the Café are a special breed, mostly young. When they think of Paris they are more likely to think of Fulbright than Fouquet's. Lucien Lozach, as gallically handsome as when I first met him 20 years ago, knows he has attracted an intellectually discerning clientele. He does not complain. He smiles and thinks more and more of the improvements he can make to the house he is building in Gourain, Brittany. He still runs a family restaurant. Mme. Lozach greets and seats the customers. His two daughters, Monique and Corinne, frequently serve at table. Other favorites on the staff include Jeannot who doubles behind the bar and the stove, Maurice, now in his sixteenth year as chef, and Marie-Thérèse, a waitress whose smile deserves a place for durability in the Guinness Book.

The food remains not only excellent but reasonably priced, most main dishes being between $5 and $6. Whereas one can study an expensive East Side menu and be tempted by nothing at all, the Café des Sports dazzles by its variety of country dishes; every day a calf's head vinaigrette, tripes à la mode Bretonne, rognons de veau, escallopes de veau à la crème, as well as chops, steaks, sole amandine. I have always held that Lucien serves not only the best but the only perfect *pommes frites* in New York.

A fire last year closed the restaurant for two months, but to everyone's relief the redecoration has retained the old intimacy. The Art-Deco paintings of swimmers, tennis players, racing cyclists, and footballers were saved from the blaze and continue to lend their naive charm to the walls.

The place has never been submerged by success. It is still fueled on French soccer. Every match day, Lucien telephones Agence France-Presse and the day's scores are pinned on the wall. Under the bar counter lurks the latest *l'Equipe*, produced by Jeannot on demand. Last June, Lucien organized a party of the cafe's French and honorary French regulars to go to the Felt Forum and cheer France against Italy in the World Cup in Argentina.

Weekends, after the executives have departed, the basic Café des Sports comes out to play like Disney's "Skeleton Dance." The French wives and girl friends chatter at the bar over green and red drinks. Chirruping French children, who should be in bed, rush between tables or kneel on a bar stool to steal the cocktail cherries. The restaurant's favorite soccer team, Stade Breton, which used to be coached by Lucien, stomps in from Central Park, full of mud and pride, and ravenous for beer or *pastis*.

And when the French fleet comes to town, the bar becomes a sea of red pompons on white berets. The *matelots* stay there until the ship sails. One can picture the scene in a nuclear sub on the Atlantic seabed. "*Le Café des Sports! Chapeau!* Just like home ... *vrai français ... on y aime le football ....*" And then, on their return to Toulon, the boys' proud parents ask, "Now, Jean-Marc, tell us all about what you saw in America?"

—Geoffrey Bocca

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates for insertions within a contract year (minimum ad, 10 words): 1 time, $2.50 per word; 3 times, $2.25 per word, per insertion; 6 times, $2.15 per word, per insertion; 12 times, $2.05 per word, per insertion; 24 times, $1.95 per word, per insertion. Box numbers, SR Box numbers and telephone numbers count as two words each. Names of cities and states count as one word each. No charge for zip codes. For advertisers using SR Box numbers, please include an additional $3.00 (domestic) or $5.00 (foreign) handling charge for forwarding service during a contract year. To avoid delay in publication, please include your permanent address, telephone number and sample, brochure or supportive literature about the product/service being advertised. Mention preferred issue date and suggested heading. Full payment must accompany order and be received by closing date (7th Wednesday prior to issue date). Send check or money order, made payable to Saturday Review, to Classified Department, Saturday Review, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019. *Replies to SR Box numbers should be sent to the same address.*

NEW CLASSIFIED SECTIONS

CLASSIFIED DISPLAY
(one column deep only, no fractions)
one inch = $135
two inches = $270

REAL ESTATE OFFERINGS
(one column deep only, no fractions)
35 lines = $335
50 lines = $480

Frequency Discounts:

3 times	2.5%
6 times	5.0%
12 times	10.0%
18 times	15.0%

PERSONALS

LOOKING FOR CAPITAL to market my invention for dog-owners in New York and other cities with street ordinances against animal wastes. Device can be operated electronically by remote control at distances up to three blocks. Simple switching operations convert mechanism into radar-speed-trap alert device, pocket calculator, or electronic chess-playing companion. SR Box M.I.

LEARN 10 LANGUAGES A YEAR while striding for exercise. 200 Language Club, Box 1727, Beverly Hills, Calif. 90213.

MEXICO—RANCH HOTEL - in private valley, sunshine, swimming, massage, rest. Room and meals; $17.00. Brochure from APDO 1-1187S, Guadalajara, Mexico.

YOUR HANDWRITING ANALYZED IN DEPTH. $15. Elisabeth King, SR Box 2362.

LETTERS OF AUTHORS, scientists, statesmen, musicians, military leaders, etc. bought, sold. Collections, single items. Catalogues issued. Kenneth Rendell, Inc., 154A Wells, Newton, Mass. 02159.

SLEEP LEARNING equipment, tapes, books, Alpha devices. Strange catalogue free. Autosuggestion, Box 24-W, Olympia, Wash. 98507.

FREE BOOK. *Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ.* Megiddo Mission, Dept. 14, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, N. Y. 14619.

TOP CASH PAID FOR LETTERS and documents of famous people. Immediate decision, immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How to Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 77th St., N.Y.C., 10021. (212) 628-1666.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets cultured, single, widowed or divorced persons acquainted. Nationwide. Established 1970. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, Pa. 19081.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS $20.00 by a graduate of the Graphology Workshop, The New School for Social Research. Mary L. Orloff, SR Box 2303.

PRINTING PROBLEMS SOLVED for limited circulation octavo scholarly journals, monographs, catalogues. Complete, intelligent production—typesetting through mailing. Send sample, specifications for quotation. Buday Printers, Gilbertsville, N.Y. 13776.

SCOTTISH WOOL PLAID designed/handwoven for you. $2.00/3 samples, prices. Greenmont Guildhall, West Road, Bennington, Vt. 05201.

HOT TUBS - SAUNAS - Direct - Save. Pacific Mill, P.O. Box 4043, Bellevue, Wash. 98005.

"SMALL IS BEAUTIFUL ... PEOPLE MATTER" at Carol Brown's. She hopes you can get to Putney, Vt. 05346, but she does work by mail, individually, patiently. SASE.

HOW TO FIND A GOLD MINE IN GARAGE SALES. Professional knowledge revealed! $2.95 to Humphrey Consulting Firm, Box 51-S, Frankfort, Ky. 40601.

TUTORING—SPANISH. German, woman professor 8 years experience German University. Exchange for subsistence in Arizona or New Mexico, late June to August. Box 499, Shawnee Mission, Kans. 66201.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS. Personal insight - love - finance. $7.00. Wolfe, P.O. Box 635, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11238.

MANHATTANITES WISHING TO ATTEND INFORMAL "Unity Paths" Seminar in fall on values - creativity relationships can forward precis of intellectual interests. (212) 636-3005.

JIM MILLER 143611, Box 511, Columbus, Ohio 43216. very lonely prisoner regretful for burglary seeks correspondence. I am 29 years, 6 ft., 190 lbs. with brown hair and eyes, and from Ohio.

MANUFACTURING ERROR responsible for 6,000 upside-down clothes hangers. Finest wood-and-chrome combination. Disposing at cost. SR Box U.H.

MISEMPLOYED? Start a successful used book store! Details, SR Box 1009.

FOR THE COLLECTOR

CALDER, MIRO, VASARELY, APPEL, others. Professor/dealer offering best values. Photos. (212) 454-2438.

OLD AND RARE MAPS AND PRINTS. Please state area of interest and send three stamps for lists. LANE'S, 107 Bryn Mawr Dr., S.E., Albuquerque, N. Mex. 87106.

UNUSUAL GIFTS

DOUBLE-CROSTICS based on personalized verses for birthdays, anniversaries, all occasions. Beregi, 18421 Rockland, Cleveland, Ohio 44135.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

20 COOPERATIVE BOARD, block and card games. Co-op sports manuals, too! All ages. Home, school, church, wherever people want to play together not against each other. Catalogue 25¢. Family Pastimes (SR), Perth, Ontario, Canada K7H 3C6.

GAMES

CUSTOM CROSSWORDS! The absolutely unique tailor-made gift—reminiscent, humorous, kind, very special, in its own handsome, personalized folder. Write: CUSTOM CROSSWORDS, Odin House, Madison, Minn. 56256.

CRYPTOGRAMS! Do you enjoy them in periodicals? Step up to CRYPTIQUOTES. Added challenge, MULTIPLIED FUN. Write: DANIEL, 3214 8th West, Seattle, Wash. 98119.

MAKE DOUGH ... LIKE A PRO in all Legalized Casino Dice Tables. Double-your-money-back-guarantee! Send $1 for details. M.C. Corbin, Dept. SR-7, Box 364, Radio City Station, N.Y. 10019.

LITERARY SERVICES

CREATIVE, IMAGINATIVE WRITER. Articles, novels, biographies. Bob Hogrogian. (201) 489-0637.

MANUSCRIPTS, REPORTS, Research writing. All subjects. Reasonable. Personalized. Confidential. Professional team! Research Unlimited, Box 300-S, Dayton, Wash. 99328.

WRITING, RESEARCH, EDITING. Versatile, expert staff. Research Central, 2379-S Ocean Avenue, San Francisco, Calif. 94127. (415) 586-3900.

QUALITY BOOKS MANUFACTURED (HARD COVER & PAPERBACK) IN 90 DAYS OR LESS. Complete plant—typesetting, letterpress, offset, binding, jackets. For details and prices write Dept. 731. JERICHO BOOK MFG., 900 S. Oyster Bay Road, Hicksville, N.Y. 11801. (516) 822-5700.

EDITING, REVISING, manuscript typing, cassettes. Marye Myers, Box 2435-D, Pasadena, Calif. 91105.

RESEARCH, writing, translations, expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. SR Box 644.

BOOKPLATES

FREE color catalogue offers scores of hard-to-find home library accessories. Antioch Bookplate Company, Box 28BH, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

BOOKS

PUBLISHERS' OVERSTOCKS. Over 3,000 bargain books, all subjects. Free catalogue. Hamilton, 98-60 Clapboard, Danbury, Conn. 06810.

BOOKS SUPPLIED—Select Out-of-Print, Used, Fine, Scarce, Interesting. Send authors' names and titles wanted. Kendall Gaisser, Booksellers, 1242 Broadway, Toledo, Ohio 43609.

GOOD USED BOOKS—WIDE VARIETY. Intelligent selection. Libraries buy regularly; you can too! History, fiction, social sciences, literature, miscellaneous subjects. Send dollar for listing of 20,000 titles & prices. Editions, Desk SR, Boiceville, N.Y. 12412.

MINIATURE BOOKS. Free catalogue. Mosaic Press, Dept. 48, 358 Oliver, Cincinnati, Ohio 45215.

FREE BOOK. *Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ.* Megiddo Mission, Dept. 10, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, N.Y. 14619.

HOUSE SHOPPING? Our no-nonsense manual *DEFENSIVE HOUSE BUYING* could save you money, time, worries. Send $3.00 to: PIR-O Media/Pub., Inc. - D, Box 7862, Flint, Mich. 48507.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

Vladimir
NABOKOV
Collection

Finest private collection ever formed! 594 items including the almost legendary first book, STIKHI (1916). For sale *en bloc* only. $58,500

Details from:
INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, INC.
Box 1-SR, Pacific Palisades, CA 90272

FREE SEARCH SERVICE and every book guaranteed. You name it—we find it! International Bookfinders, Inc., Box 1-SR, Pacific Palisades, Calif. 90272.

NAME THE BOOK—WE'LL GET IT! Free search service. Chicago Book Mart, Box 636B, Chicago Heights, Ill. 60411. Est. 1948.

LOOKING FOR A BOOK? Free search service if not in our large stock. Write: Q. M. Dabney & Co., Box 9883-W, Washington, D.C. 20015.

OUT-OF-PRINT Bookfinder, Box 5842 SR, High Point, N.C. 27262. Send Wants.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POETRY

THE IRON POURER/REFLECTIONS IN BLACK—POETRY Tells—HOW A BLACK MAN THINKS AND FEELS

For those who are serious, those who care
Cover by: Alfred Washington–HARD
($5.00) Send Check-Money order to:
Melvin E. Banner
1913 Barks St.
Flint, Mich. 48503

POETRY MARKETS—Current, detailed list. $3. LYF-SR, Box 722, Inglewood, Calif. 90307.

RETREATS

ARTISTS COLONY. WRITERS/ARTISTS RETREAT. Berkshires. Write: Arts Community, Cummington, Mass. 01026. (413) 634-2172.

COLOR SLIDES

ART—EDUCATIONAL—TRAVEL. 95,000 Individually sold. Samples—Listings $2.00. Visuals. P.O. Box 381215, Miami, Fla. 33138.

MUSIC

POEMS-SONGS WANTED. Broadway Music, Box 7438-SR, Sarasota, Fla. 33578.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

SPERRHAKE HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Md. 20034.

NEUPERT HARPSICHORD, CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Catalogues from MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Conn. 06069.

CHAMBER MUSIC FURNITURE; hardwood stands, benches, accessories. Traditional elegant designs. Free catalogue: Early Music Stands, Drawer 250, P.O. Box 277, Palo Alto, Calif. 94302.

BURTON HARPSICHORDS, SPINETS, AND CLAVICHORDS—Professional instruments in kit form, from $195. For brochure, write Burton Harpsichords, 727 "R" Street, P.O. Box 80222S, Lincoln, Nebr. 68501.

RECORDERS—FINEST MAKES. Largest music selections. Free catalogue. RECORDER CENTER, Amenia, N.Y. 12501.

HARPSICHORDS, FORTEPIANOS, CLAVICHORDS, VIRGINALS. Kits and superb finished instruments. Catalogue free. Zuckermann Harpsichords Inc., Box 121-S, Stonington, Conn. 06378.

RECORDS AND TAPES

RECORD JACKETS. Replace old, torn, LP jackets with clean, glossy, pure white jackets. Plastic-lined inner sleeves, opera boxes, 78 sleeves, double jackets. CABCORS, Box 8212, Columbus, Ohio 43201.

SCHOOLS

THE VERSHIRE SCHOOL. Co-ed secondary school combining scholarship, adventure, work, creativity. Staff backgrounds include Foreign Service, business, and Peace Corps. Blending Peace Corps approaches (field study Mexico and Europe), imagination with desirable traditional goals. Near Dartmouth. Magnificent thousand acres scenery. Fifty horses and indoor riding ring ... all very secondary to warm outstanding education. S. Ingham, Vershire, Vt. 05079. (802) 685-4547.

52 WAYS TO RAISE A CHILD'S IQ. Helpful booklet for parents and teachers. $3.00. Professor William Maxwell, Private Mail Bag, Suva, Fiji.

CAMPS

IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: our dedicated staff makes every camper part of our democratic community of musicians, artists, athletes. Co-ed 6-18, ACA, APC approved. BROCHURE: Appel Farm Arts & Music Center, Elmer 15, N.J. 08318. (609) 358-2472.

STUDIES ABROAD

SCHILLER COLLEGE EUROPE - Heidelberg, Strasbourg, Paris, London, Madrid, Paros, Greece. Liberal arts and International Business College in Europe; academic year and summer programs. Intercampus transfer opportunities. American credit system. U.S. Office, Dept. 2, 3207 N. 19th Street, Arlington, Va. 22201. Phone: (703) 528-2891.

ACADEMIC YEAR 15 Oct. - 20 May. Credit transfer - Tuition includes lodgings. Paris American Academy, Fine & Performing Arts, 9 rue des Ursulines 75005, Paris.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY, FRANCE, SPAIN, ENGLAND. Graduate, undergraduate and high school programs. 1979 Writers Workshop—Paros, Greece. Intensive French Institute—Strasbourg. See Schiller College Europe under "Studies Abroad."

TRAVEL

TAKE A THRIFTTRIP to San Francisco. The Hotel Manx, located in the heart of the city, 350 feet from Union Square, offers cable cars at the door. World famous shops, fine restaurants and theatres nearby. Reasonable rates. Write for color brochure. Hotel Manx, 225 Powell Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94102. (415) 421-7070.

SAN FRANCISCO'S COMFORTABLE CHEERFUL small hotel. Modest rates, kitchenettes, selected pets welcome. Near Union Square; cable cars. Beresford Arms, 701 Post Street 94109. (415) 673-2600.

EXTRAORDINARY SOUTH PACIFIC TRAVEL. Write GoodTravel Tours, 5332 College Avenue, Oakland, Calif. 94618.

THIS AD + $15.00 per person, double occupancy, entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, N.Y.C. 10036, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Singles-$26.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

ROAM THE WORLD by freighter. Deluxe accommodations. Cheaper than staying home! Freighters, 16309 Depot C197, Flushing, N.Y. 11358.

CULTURAL AND WILDLIFE EXPEDITIONS: Tunisia, New Guinea, Afghanistan, Easter Island, Galapagos, Mongolia, Amazon, Patagonia, Antarctica, China. Small escorted groups. Society Expeditions, Dept. SR, Box 5088, University Station, Seattle, Wash. 98105.

SAN FRANCISCO'S BEST BUY—Hotel Cecil—one block from Union Square. A warm welcome awaits you in a charming European atmosphere. Courtesy coffee—Sun Deck—Family rates. Write for brochure: 545 Post Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94102. (415) 673-3733.

MEXICO: It is a wonderful thing that I am able to profit by the Liberal Democrats' sins of the past 40 years. All year! Archaeology, Arts-Crafts, Railroading, Mexico's "Grand Canyon", other delights. Moderate prices. WAMPLER TOURS, Box 45-SR, Berkeley, Calif. 94701.

SAN FRANCISCO ON $53.00 A WEEK INCLUDING MEALS! Unique residence club beats the high cost of living. The Kenmore, 1570 Sutter Street, 94109. (415) 776-5815.

AIRLINES/TRAVEL AGENTS don't tell it all ... JB's WORLD (212) 582-6670. (18 West 55th Street).

VACATIONS

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street, San Francisco 94102.

PERFECT SOLITUDE, PIONEER RANCH COTTAGE; modernized, fully equipped. Housekeeping, week, month. Fireplace, fishing. Dorothy Meade. Harrison, Nebr. 69346.

CAMDEN, MAINE. A seacoast village where the mountains meet the sea. A memorable vacation at an historic inn. Fine food, spirits. Tennis, sailing, boat cruise to own island or quiet contemplation. Daily plane and direct bus service from New York and Boston. Whitehall Inn, Box SR, Camden, Maine 04843.

AN IMPOSSIBLY ROMANTIC private island paradise, in the Grenadines, with beach, pool, tennis, sailing and snorkeling. Limited to 50 guests. Brochure. YOUNG ISLAND, 315 E. 72 St., N.Y.C. 10021.

PILGRIM'S INN, Deer Isle, Maine 04627. A colonial inn of warmth and distinction, far from anything maddening. Brochure. (207) 348-6615.

VIRGIN ISLANDS SAILING CRUISES - Crewed yachts (2-12 guests), Windjammers, too! FLYAWAY CHARTERS, P.O. Box 2713 SR, St. Thomas, U.S.V.I. 00801.

200-YEAR OLD SPANISH RANCH. Unexcelled riding, great birding, delightful dining, sunshine, quiet. Open year-round. Rancho de la Osa, Sasabe, Ariz. 85633.

TOBAGO COTTAGES—All sizes, locations, and rental rates. Cottage Owners Association, Box 194, Tobago, W.I.

PARADOR MARTORELL, inn, swim, relax by famous Luquillo Beach, Puerto Rico 00673.

WANTALFEGO LODGE and CABINS—Maine family vacation on Webb Pond in scenic Penobscot-Acadia region. Good fishing, library, home-cooked meals, informal atmosphere. RD 1R, Franklin, Maine 04634.

ENJOY BED AND BREAKFAST in the simplicity and charm of The Pentagoet Inn, Castine, Maine 04421.

1778 INN—POCONOS. Forest walks, streams; delicious meals; no pressure. Box 127, Swiftwater, Pa. 18370. (717) 839-7206.

THE IMPROBABLE INN, Boothbay Harbor, Maine 04538. Artists/vacationers. American plan. Adults. Brochure!

CONDOMINIUM CAMPING AT ITS FINEST! Buttonwood Beach Recreational Vehicle Resort overlooking the Chesapeake. For information (301) 275-2108, or write Box 28, Earleville, Md. 21919.

ST. MAARTEN: Villas, Condominiums & Beachfront apartments are available to rent from the agents on the spot. Call 001-599-5-4309 or write airmail to COURTWELL N.V., Box 346R, Philipsburg, St. Maarten N.A.

DISCOVER THE RUSSIAN RIVER WINE VALLEY! Winery tours, field trips and picnics; Overnight guests, Cafe. Marie Claire Piper, 16276 Healdsburg Avenue, Healdsburg, Calif. 95448.

VACATIONS UNDER SAIL one week adventure cruising idyllic Bahamas in outstanding comfort $460. CARIBBEAN SCHOONER CRUISES, 380 Lexington Avenue, N.Y.C. 10017. (212) 661-0718, or (800) 223-1880.

VERMONT - Enjoy delicious food, superb accommodation - Relax, hike, bike, explore ... Saxtons River Inn, Saxtons River, Vt. 05154. (802) 869-2110.

BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS - Tortola. Large 6-room furnished home. Ocean view overlooking beaches. $250 per week. Brochure. Box 177, Short Hills, N.J. 07078.

CARIBBEAN SEA EFFICIENCIES: 6 nights double $192 or $216; triple $234 or $288; quad. $264 or $312 Absolutely Smashing Family Vacationing. CARIBEPLAYA, Guardarraya, Puerto Rico 00723.

HIGH HAMPTON INN & COUNTRY CLUB. We're a country inn 3600 feet closer to Heaven than the sea. Spectacular mountain scenery. Private 18-hole golf course. 8 tennis courts. (Special golf/tennis package available.) Skeet & Trap. Stocked lakes (bass & trout). Swimming. Boating. Archery. Stables. Hiking & Jogging trails. Children's activities. Write or phone: (704) 743-2411. High Hampton Inn, 166 Hampton Road, Cashiers, N.C. 28717.

CLUB MED RESERVATIONS - Instant confirmation .. (212) 582-6670. JB's WORLD (18 West 55th Street).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ADIRONDACK CHALET. New, lovely, secluded. Near golf, tennis, fishing, swimming. $200 week. Box 30, New Russia, N.Y. 12964.

RETIREMENT LIVING

UNIQUE VILLAGE - live independently, inexpensively. Ranch house only $75 monthly, or $7,500 life lease, plus improvement charges, modest monthly fees. Apartments too. Bristol Village, Waverly, Ohio 45690.

FOR THE YOUNG *AT* HEART - Some apartments are still available in Pennswood Village, a *Quaker-directed,* non-profit community opening 1980 for 65's and older of any race, religion, or national origin. Entry and monthly maintenance fees *provide for* residential and guarantee medical care for life. Located in beautiful Bucks County, Pennsylvania, adjacent to 265-acre campus of George School, well-known coeducational boarding school. Unique opportunity for companionship with younger generations by mutual sharing of school and Pennswood facilities and activities. For information call or write Pennswood Village, Box T-20, George School, Newtown, Pa. 18940: (215) 968-6548.

SUMMER RENTALS

FOR MONTH OF AUGUST. Lovely home, four baths, pool, garden. Heart of Orange County. $1500.00. (714) 838-1526.

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights ... a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y. 14850, or call Mr. Sullivan, (607) AR 2-3420.

OAK PARK—the unique Chicago suburb famous for its Frank Lloyd Wright architecture and diverse population. Free apartment referral agency helps you find the perfect place! Just 12 minutes from Chicago's Loop by public transportation. Excellent schools, day care, year-round recreation. Ms. Wright, Oak Park Housing Center, 1041 South Blvd., Oak Park, Ill. 60302. (312) 848-7150.

SARASOTA, FLORIDA. Gulf front efficiency. $165 weekly. Nelson, 258 Tait, Port Charlotte, Fla. 33952.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

BEAT INFLATION WITH HOME EXCHANGE. Delta International, P.O. Box 201, Carlsbad, N. Mex. 88220.

HOUSES FOR RENT

LONDON, ENGLAND. Completely furnished, central heated, three bedroom apartment. Available September. One year $500/month. (614) 592-3642.

PUERTO VALLARTA, MEXICO: Designer's one-bedroom private home, fully furnished, equipped. $495/month, year's lease. Exchange references. (415) 362-6445.

HOUSES FOR SALE

MOVING TO CLEVELAND? Suburban living, superior schools, near universities, attractive integrated neighborhoods. Shaker Heights Housing, 3380 Lee Road, Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120. (216) 751-2155.

PROVENCE FRANCE IN PICTURESQUE VILLAGE, proximity Mediterranean, Alps, Marseille International Airport, XVIth century chateau, 14 rooms, garden, possibility adjoining 2 acres. (90) 82.58.50, Centre, Rue Figuière, 84000 Avignon, France.

COASTAL MAINE spiritual retreat. New home, three acres, ocean view. Csenge, Perry, Maine 04667.

CIVIL WAR FARM HOUSE, horse barn, detached studio, horse and ski trails, 67 acres 1/2 acre pond, tennis court, 12 miles Albany, Schenectady, Troy, Saratoga $250,000. JMW, P.O. Box 450, Clifton Park, N.Y. 12065.

PROPERTY AVAILABLE

BIG...FREE...CATALOGUE! Over 2,600 top values coast to coast! UNITED FARM AGENCY, 612-UR West 47th, Kansas City, Mo. 64112.

THE KINGDOM OF THE NORTH: Enjoy pristine lakes reflecting Majestic Green Mountains. Abundant rivers, streams. Vast acres of forests. Brochure. SR Box 2474.

GOVERNMENT LANDS ... FROM $7.50 ACRE! Homesites, farming, vacationing, investment opportunities! "Government Land Buyer's Guide" plus nationwide listings—$2.00. SURPLUS LANDS, Box 19107-MV, Washington, D.C. 20036.

BERMUDA - homes for sale or rent. Colin Anderson, Kitson & Co., Box 449, Bermuda. Provide specific dates.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT—$10,000-$50,000+. Free Information! Employment International, Box 29217-MV, Indianapolis, Ind. 46229.

MATHEMATICS AND SCIENCE TEACHERS and other school faculty needed for positions in elementary and secondary independent schools throughout the U.S. Register with R.M. Sandoe & Associates by calling (toll free) 800-225-7986 or (617) 262-5380 from Massachusetts.

EDUCATORS: Get first choice of jobs in education, business, government. Free information!! Oxford Associates—Box 5529W, Washington, D.C. 20016.

OVERSEAS—ALL OCCUPATIONS! Worldwide Directory and complete information—$2.00. Opportunities, Box 19107-MV, Washington, D.C. 20036.

EMPLOYMENT!!! U.S.!! Foreign! Skilled, Unskilled, Equal Opportunity. All Fields. Directory, Application, Resume Instructions $3.00. National, 940-SR Bender Building, Washington, D.C. 20036.

AUSTRALIA - NEW ZEALAND WANT YOU!!! All occupations. Big pay. Free transportation. Terrific opportunities. Guidebook, latest listings $2.00. AUSTCO, Box 4116-W, Hayward 94540.

$150.00 WEEKLY! Webster, America's foremost dictionary company needs home workers to update local mailing lists. All ages, experience unnecessary. Send name, address and phone number to Webster, 245BJ East 25th, New York, N.Y. 10010.

POSITIONS WANTED

EDUCATOR, WIDOW, returning from abroad, Ph.D. biology, experienced university, high school teacher, curriculum development, seeks challenging, people-oriented position in higher, or adult education, science interpretation or related field. SR Box 2477.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

HOW TO MAKE MONEY writing short paragraphs. Information free. Barrett, Dept. C310T, 8 South Michigan, Chicago, Ill. 60603.

WRITE FOR PROFIT. Send for Free, no obligation Writing Aptitude Test. Analyze your writing potential. Writers Institute, A Home Study School, Dept. 47-07-9, 100 Mamaroneck Ave., Mamaroneck, N.Y. 10543.

MAKE MONEY BUYING SCRAP GOLD!!! Details: Meredith, Box 11216AR, Reno, Nev. 89510.

GOVERNMENT SURPLUS

J-E-E-P-S ... !! $59.30!! ... CARS ... !! ... $33.50!! ... !! 450,000 ITEMS!! ... !! GOVERNMENT SURPLUS!! ... !! MOST COMPREHENSIVE DIRECTORY AVAILABLE tells how, where to buy!! ... !!YOUR AREA!! ... !! $2.00!! ... !! MONEYBACK GUARANTEE!!... "Government Information Services," Department P-63, Box 99249, San Francisco, Calif. 94109.

Saturday Review CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

To: SATURDAY REVIEW, Classified Dept.
1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019

Rate: Per Word. Based on number of times your ad runs (year): $2.50/one; $2.25/three; $2.15/six; $2.05/twelve; $1.95/twenty-four (Box and telephone numbers count as two words each. Additional $3.00 domestic or $5.00 foreign for handling of SR Box numbers. No charge for zip codes.)

Cost:	# of Words		# of Times		# Total Words		Rate Per Word		Total Enclosed
	____	×	____	=	____	×	$____	=	$____

Copy: _____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Zip _____ Telephone _____

Signature _____

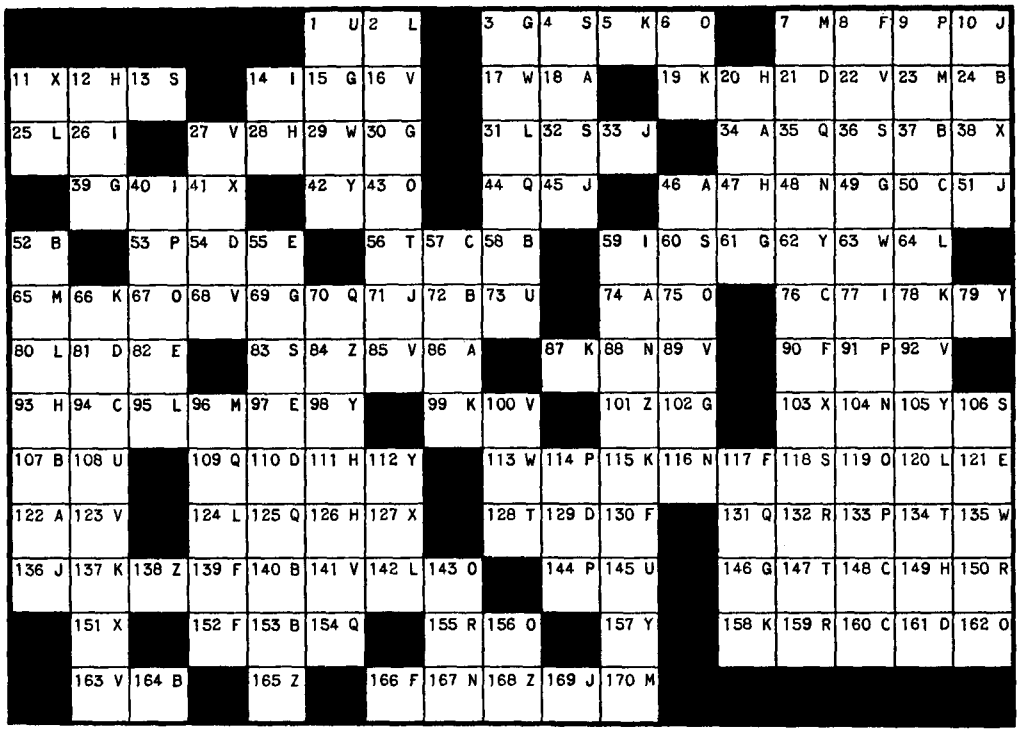
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 176

by Thomas H. Middleton

Instructions:
If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.
The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.
The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.
You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

Answer to Double-Crostic No. 175 appears on page 5.



CLUES	WORDS
A. Results, products	18 34 46 74 86 122
B. Model or first form	153 164 24 37 58 72 52 107 140
C. Capital of Manipur territory, India	148 160 50 57 76 94
D. Wife of Jacob; mother of Joseph and Benjamin (Gen. 29-35)	110 161 81 129 21 54
E. Impaired, disabled	55 82 97 121
F. Challenge the credibility of	139 152 117 130 90 166 8
G. Confuse	30 69 146 3 49 39 61 15 102
H. Approaching, nearing	126 149 93 111 20 28 47 12
I. Bellini opera	26 40 59 77 14
J. Surround; cover completely	33 71 136 45 169 10 51
K. Diminishing (3 wds.)	66 87 99 115 137 158 19 5 78
L. Grotesque; odd	124 25 120 2 95 64 31 80 142
M. Faint-hearted	7 23 65 96 170
N. Albanian political leader; premier, 1946-1954	48 88 104 167 116
O. Outskirts, suburbs	143 162 67 119 156 43 75 6
P. Hatred, malice	9 53 114 133 144 91
Q. To make a long story short (2 wds.)	131 154 44 125 35 70 109
R. Hired hoodlum; roughneck	150 159 155 132
S. Dwight Stone's event (2 wds.)	13 60 36 32 83 4 106 118
T. Carry on one's person	56 134 128 147
U. Examine closely	73 1 145 108
V. American actor-director-producer, organizer of the Mercury Theatre (full name)	163 22 85 100 141 89 68 16 27 92 123
W. Source, origin	29 17 113 135 63
X. Alter	127 11 38 151 41 103
Y. British army officer (1717-97) leader in the French and Indian Wars	157 112 62 105 79 98 42
Z. Light, knitted woolen head scarf for women	138 84 101 168 165

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why Not the Best?

IT'S GETTING TO be that time again when smart Americans, given the chance to choose, should figure out what qualities and qualifications they want in their next President. Officially, a decision will not be required until primary season next spring, but by then there may remain no acceptable options—only four entrées left in the Automat, and none palatable. Now the array is wide, the time to observe and explore is generous, and the chance for the solitary citizen to make a difference by contributing either time or money is far greater than it will be later, when campaigns will be principally powered by their own momenta.

It is fashionable in certain circles, when engaging in this exercise, to sigh over persons—typically, university presidents or avuncular newscasters—who would be "perfect" were they not utterly unelectable or disinclined. As the peony said to the amorous poplar, "there ain't no such hybrid." If one believes in the American system, one believes that the electorate is capable of, if not always successful at, selecting a suitable chief. A presidential candidate simply isn't a candidate unless he is willing and putatively able to win. (The present officeholder should remind us how narrow are most *a priori* conceptions of "electable".)

To help organize my thinking on this subject, I have adopted the ancient and honorable Chinese-menu methodology. The first column lists important criteria that will not be treated importantly in most voters' process of selection. The second column lists less important criteria that will weigh heavily. And the third column, a *sine qua non* for 1980, is short.

I	II	III
Intelligence	Looks	Vision
Level-headedness	Sex	
Decency	Race	
Effectiveness	Religion	
Organizational ability	Televisibility	
Past sins (proven)	Incumbency	
	Party affiliation	
	Past sins (suspected)	

One reason why the qualities in column II influence voters more than those in column I is that our presidential campaigns have stretched out, like taffy, to ludicrous lengths. Months of watching a candidate's posturing on TV make it difficult to tell if he is intelligent or adroitly packaged. Obviously, the ability to plan and finance a viable presidential campaign evinces some sort of organizational skill, but is it the same sort of skill that will enable a chief executive to control his administration or to accomplish what he intends? Carter, who seemed exceptionally effective and organized as a candidate, has presided over an administration that gets low marks even from its adherents on its ability to enact legislation or even to communicate its goals.

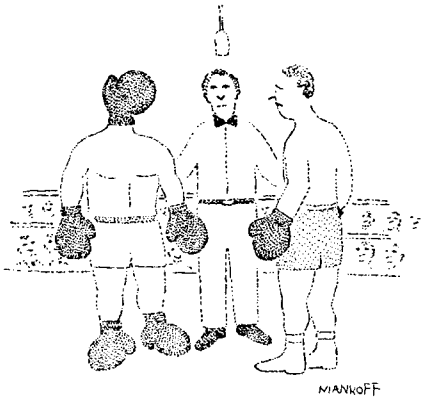
As opposed to parliamentary elections in Great Britain, where officeholders perform their functions and do not campaign until six weeks before election day, an American presidential race focuses attention on the candidates' *being* rather than *doing* for more than a year. We watch candidates on display for so long that we tend to forget how they *did* when they were operative public servants. An image is conjured for each candidate; he is "positioned" like a new tablet on the antacid market. Thus, Ronald Reagan is the sentimental favorite of the Republican right; Connally is the gung-ho wheeler-dealer salesman embraced by other well-heeled wheeler-dealers; Bush is the moderate-right darling of ivy-league establishment types; Baker is the safe and sensible choice for the rare Republicans who care as much about winning a general election as winning a primary; and so forth. Each has a niche that has little to do with his record. That Carter was widely recalled as a middling Georgia Governor meant little to voters who in 1976 were seeking the "ethical/nonpolitical" alternative.

The smart voter can avoid depending on column II if he a) reads, b) asks questions, and c) remembers the answers to those questions when the image-makers try to rinse that knowledge away. Ask a Californian about Governors Reagan and Brown. Ask your preferred lobbying groups for their assessment of any senator's record. Don't wait for the cross-examiners at the presidential debates to be your surrogates. By then, the abler candidates may have disappeared for lack of sufficient support.

My own litmus test for a candidate is simple. I don't care if he isn't handsome, male, white, Christian, or younger than 65 (anybody who's strong enough to run is young enough to govern). I don't even care if he's bald (recent history suggests that the only bald men who get elected are Republican generals). Party affiliation no longer matters (Carter could hardly have fared worse with Congress had he been a Republican). Past indictments are irrelevant, provided innocence was ascertained. What matters more is that the candidate is smart, cool, acceptable as a role-model (unabashed philanderers need not apply); that he is wise enough to seek the best advice available from a wide range of counselors; that he exhibits some talent for getting political tasks accomplished by political means (compromise, back-patting, arm-twisting, etc.) and that he not only claims to be but behaves like a candidate of *all* the people. We have had enough of partisan Presidents—whether they see the enemy as Commiekids (as Nixon and Agnew did) or oil barons and lily-livered congresspersons (as Carter is now doing). After more than 12 years of us-against-them, we need a President who can make all the constituencies that compose these United States feel like a whole.

To accomplish this task, our next President will need a vision—not just of how to cope but of where to grow and why. Americans need more than the promise of greater prosperity. As much as full employment, we need full involvement; we need to lift our eyes beyond our special interests toward some national interest. We need to believe again, as Americans have almost always believed, that we were placed here to fulfill some important Purpose.

Without such a vision, we will continue to muddle along, carping at one another, like the heirs to a great fortune who don't know what to do with themselves and whose only goal is keeping what they've got. **—Carll Tucker**



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

National Smoker Study:

Merit 100's Taste Acclaimed!

Latest research shows 'Enriched Flavor'™ cigarette equal to–or better than–leading high tar 100's.

Can the taste of low tar MERIT 100's satisfy smokers of much higher tar 100's?

Here are the results of nationwide research involving smokers who taste-tested MERIT 100's against leading high tar brands.

Results Confirm MERIT Breakthrough

Confirmed: Majority of 100's smokers rate MERIT 100's taste equal to—or better than—leading high tar cigarettes tested! *Cigarettes having up to 60% more tar.*

Confirmed: Majority of 100's smokers confirm taste satisfaction of low tar MERIT 100's.

And detailed interviews conducted among current MERIT 100's smokers documented the same taste satisfaction.

Confirmed: 85% of MERIT 100's smokers say it was an "easy switch" from high tar brands.

Confirmed: Overwhelming majority of MERIT 100's smokers say their former high tar brands weren't missed!

Confirmed: 9 out of 10 MERIT 100's smokers not considering other brands.

First Major Alternative To High Tar Smoking

MERIT 100's have proven conclusively that they not only deliver the flavor of high tar 100's—but continue to satisfy!

This ability to satisfy over long periods of time could be the most important evidence to date that MERIT is what it claims to be: The first real alternative for high tar smokers.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1979

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—
100's: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

MERIT

Kings & 100's

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED